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DO WE NEED A NEW COLD WAR?

PETER STEINFELS

FRANK GETLEIN THE FUTURE OF AERIAL WARFARE
BRIAN WICKER CHARISMATICS IN BRITAIN
AGOSTINO BONO PROTEST IN CHILE
ABIGAIL McCARTHY A DISSENTING VOTE
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. TOUGH BREAKS
NEIL P. HURLEY TELEVISION AND THE MOVIES

JOHN P. ROSSI ORWELL AND CATHOLICISM
IVAN SANDERS SCRUTINIZING THE INSCRUTABLE

ALSO: GERARD REEDY, GEORGE ELFORD, WILLIAM E. MAY, HARRIET KRIEGEL, EDWIN DIAMOND

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NEWS & VIEWS

Merton Revisited

After almost 30 years, British readers at last have an unexpurgated edition of Thomas Merton's *The Seven Storey Mountain,* and its availability was enough of an event for the book to rate a review in the *Times Literary Supplement.*

The earlier edition, which appeared in Britain under the title *Elected Silence,* was the success there that *The Seven Storey Mountain* was in the United States. But the British edition had been bowdlerized by Evelyn Waugh, and with the passing of time the bowdlerization had become an increasing irritant.

As British editor of the book, Waugh not only fixed up Merton's syntax and punctuation, but lopped off many passages, some quite long, because he felt they were too diffuse or obscure for British readers, or, alas, might give offense—such as Merton's account of "the dark, sinister and corrupt atmosphere of Cambridge," and his "attack" on Anglicanism.

(The quotes belong to *TLS*'s reviewer, Aldhelm Cameron-Brown, a Benedictine monk at Prinknash Abbey.)

The point is that Britons had been short-changed by Waugh, and those anxious to read Merton-the-monk and Merton-the-writer in more pure early form had to seek out an American edition. The new edition—which also restores the original American title—corrects that problem, though it still leaves, of course, the problem of the earlier bowdlerizing done by Gethsemani's abbot before he cleared the ms.

TLS's reviewer, incidentally, finds *The Seven Storey Mountain* "a remarkable account" still of one man's spiritual development, "in spite of weak passages."

And "if the book manifests some of the weaknesses of Tridentine Catholicism," says the review, "it also manifests the strength, the beauty, the strong sense of tradition and of the company of the saints which were the glory of the Tridentine church."

Eyes and Minds Dept.

Censorship remains a fact of life in Ireland and South Africa.

Variety reports that Irish film censor Dermot Breen is considered "more liberal" than any of his predecessors and is regarded by renters and exhibitors in Dublin as "being balanced." However, notes *Variety,* nearly two-thirds of the 315 feature films submitted to him last year were scissored or rejected, and of the 154 passed with cuts, all but nine were given minimum age certificates.

Irish censorship is focused primarily on sex and violence, says *Variety.*

In South Africa, it's sex and, of course, race. Reuters recently disclosed the banning of a magazine containing a photograph of a New York black man and a white woman walking arm in arm.

In all, more than 17,000 books, magazines and films are under ban in South Africa, according to Reuters. Included is a film script of a South Africa rugby player who tries to pass as a white in order to play on the South African national team.

No Comment Dept.

The Archdiocese of Philadelphia's "canned sermon" for priests on Charities Sunday included the following under the heading "Technology Needs a Perspective":

"Twenty years ago, the saintly Cardinal O'Hara prophetically foretold what is happening today.

"—The widespread practice of birth control would make it impossible to fund the social security system. This is now happening. Today's people in their 40s and 50s may not have enough support in 20 years from young workers because of the declining birth rate.

"—He urged the Church in South America to extend the work of evangelization even with little hope of success, not to wait for the data of social research. And, in fact, these research institutions are now collapsing for lack of impact on people's lives.

"Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia is not hung up on technology. The heroic religious and lay people who care for the aged, the orphan, the retarded and the disabled don't have much time to worry about the larger issue of social change . . ."

Aaaaaamen Dept.

British journalist Henry Fairlie writes in the *Washington Post* on Election '76, God, political prayers, and the perils thereof. He winds up with a prayer of his own —to America:

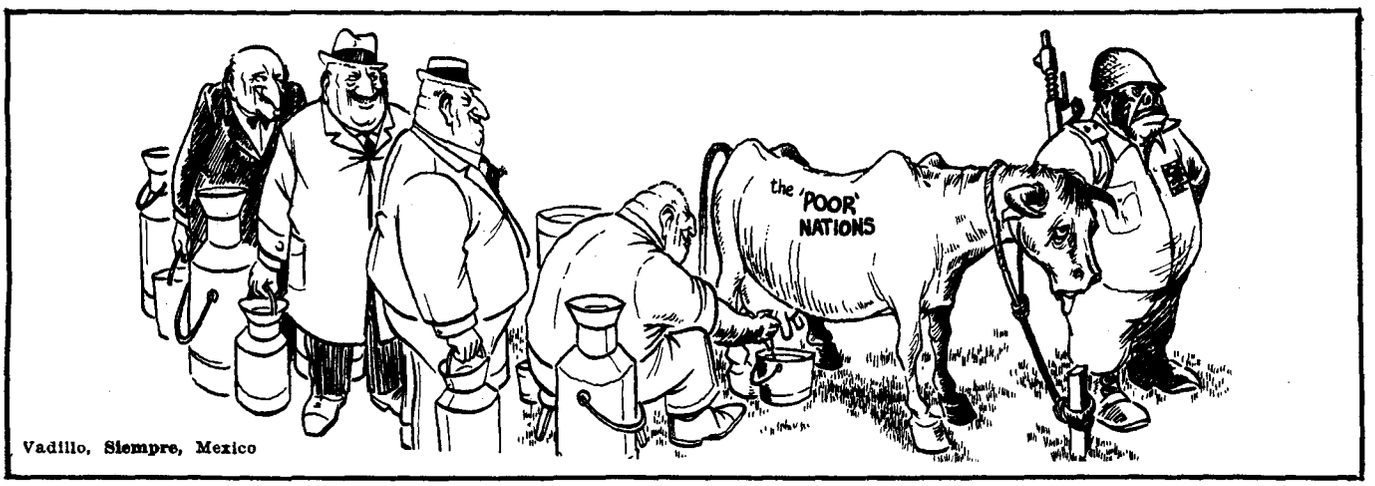
So, please, America! You have put the name of God on your dollar bills, and that is very democratic of you: Every American with a dollar carries round his own personal psalter with him. But don't write him into your politics. We cannot interview him. We do not know what he would like us to do. And you did not create your civil society 200 years ago to reduce political choice to one between "Amazing Grace" and Zen Karate.

Odds and Ends

—When the British and French Concordes arrived at Dulles International Airport on May 24, Under Secretary of Transportation Barnum was on hand to greet European visitors. No word where Bailey was.

—The irony of it all. In the 1960s, anti-war demonstrators were being hauled in, or getting skulls cracked, or both, for wearing clothes featuring flag motifs. Now the same garb is blessed in the name of the Bicentennial.

JOHN DEEDY



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CORRESPONDENCE

U.S. and Apartheid

New Canaan, Conn.

To the Editors: Many compliments to Father Joseph Carney, M.M., for his excellent article on Angola [Apr. 9], and to *Commonweal* for publishing it. Father Carney's perceptive analysis of America's plans during the 1960s to draw the emerging African nations into the capitalist-economic orbit of the West, is matched by his observation that this attempt was frustrated by the completely unexpected transformation of the Portuguese body-politic from imperialist-capitalist to brotherly-socialist.

However, I do not agree with Father Carney that the solution to the problem of Afro-American relations lies in a rededication of our government and people to the American ideal of freedom reflected in the Bicentennial Year celebrations. The average American is a good person and certainly dedicated to the survival of freedom in the world, but so long as our own economic system is so structured as to allow economic exploitation, both at home and abroad, there will always be men in our midst who will do the exploiting.

Let us restructure our economic system in such a manner that exploiters will not have the opportunity to exploit. Perhaps the most important result of the great American experience will be that we shall discover how to accomplish this task, while at the same time preserving our freedoms.

(REV.) PATRICK BASCIO

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: Father Joseph Carney ("Angola: A Bicentennial Reflection," Apr. 9) has called for a thorough reexamination of U.S. policy in Southern Africa. He recognized the declining U.S. influence with black Africa and the dangers of being trapped into supporting the white regimes. He also

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RESCUING THE POSTAL SYSTEM

Like little Topsy, the problems of the United States Postal Service—and, therefore of the American people—keep growing. Legislation to provide financial relief to the Postal Service gets stalled in the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee. Cutbacks in service, including elimination of so-called marginal post offices, continue on a seemingly arbitrary basis. Business mail deliveries have been reduced in major metropolitan communities from three to two a day, and in some cities are already down to one a day. There is even talk of reducing home deliveries to four or three days a week. Meanwhile, rates climb higher (that 13-cent stamp cost you a nickel in 1963), and there are ominous rumblings of a union-leadership struggle within the Postal Service. If the *New York Times* is to be credited, the latter could lead a few months hence to a situation even more turbulent than that of 1970, when the New York local of the National Association of Letter Carriers gave the nation its first big postal strike.

The Postal Service—née, Post Office Department—has never been an agency without problems, and in its long and generally honorable history has probably never paid its way. But then it was never realistically expected to; until recently, that is. The Constitution, as Senator Goldwater lately reminded, says that "Congress shall have the power 'to establish Post Offices.' . . . It does not say that the mail service shall make a profit." The new masters of the Service probably don't say so either. But they do say that the Postal Service should be self-sustaining, and since the reorganization of the postal system in 1970 that self-sustaining philosophy has been the source of considerable of the agency's woes.

Whatever its problems and whatever its financial losses, however, the

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Post Office could be relied on in the past to get the job done with reasonable dispatch. How much longer this will be the case is open to question. Worker and public morale slips along with service, and deficits skyrocket: up from $13 million in 1973, to $825 million in 1975, to a projected $2.4 billion this year. Actually, not too much more would have to go wrong for the system to devolve into chaos, much as the Italian postal system did a few years ago.

Senator James Buckley would relieve some postal problems by repealing the Private Express Statutes that permit a government monopoly in the delivery of first-class mail. He has introduced a bill (S. 3144) that would allow private carriers to compete with the U.S. Postal Service in the delivery of letters. His is probably a characteristically American idea, in that it would let the forces of free competition take over and provide the country with the kind of mail service it "needs and deserves." But whether this is the answer to the mail bind is dubious. It is easy to imagine a scenario in which private companies got into the mail business just long and deeply enough for the *coup de grace* to be administered to the government's system; this could happen as private companies cut into the profitable urban routes, draining off revenues needed for the servicing of rural and remote districts, which are a heavy expense and which private companies, in turn, would not be interested in handling.

A far better solution—one *Commonweal* has advocated before, while confessing its own self-interest in economical second-class mailing rates—would be for Washington to return to the vision that inspired the founding of the Post Office in 1789: namely, that of essential public service, and accordingly as deserving of generous public subsidy as, say, the military (which is seldom denied anything, no matter what the expense). Indeed, many of the Postal Service's problems would disappear in the morning, if just one or two of the $100 billions being pumped into the military this year were diverted to help solve its problems.

A necessary concomitant to such a change in outlook and priorities would be the return of the Postal Service to direct Congressional control. In other words, end its semi-independent status. Admittedly, this could create problems of another sort, including that of increased political interference in postal affairs. But at least it would get the Postal Service out of the grips of the business- and profit-oriented types. This is essential if the country is ever to get back to the ideals of service on which the postal service has been predicated for most of its existence. These are ideals that viewed mail service as a crucial link in the circulation of ideas, news, information, knowledge—the very things on which people and institutions depend for successful self-government and for harmonious and fruitful interrelationships. At stake is nothing less than that.

WASHINGTON REPORT

THE FUTURE OF AERIAL WARFARE

The new military aircraft, the B-1, has been regularly in the news recently for all the world as if someone somewhere in either the wonderful world of government or the scarcely less, these days, wonderful world of journalism had serious doubts about the future of the elaborate program that goes by the name of the flying machine. The Senate has passed a resolution putting it all off until the next administration is in office with the implication that then the sweet and low flier may be canceled altogether, although even if that improbable delay came to pass the probable result would be merely to pass the contract yummies out to firms in Democratic areas rather than to those in GOP areas.

In fact, of course, no one who is familiar with the history of arms procurement in our time has any doubt whatever about the future history of the B-1. The name itself is the key, the letter-number combination. The "B-1" is actually the successor to the B-52, Kissinger's and Nixon's weapon of preference in smashing all those Commie bodies in Vietnam as surrogates for the ones in China and Russia they didn't dare destroy. If successor to the B-52, why not the B-53?

It's a problem that doesn't yield easily to analysis. Weeks of the year? Reach 52 and start all over? Cards of the deck? More likely, really, with the new plane as joker. They wouldn't actually do that, though, it's a little close to the wind.

On balance, the start-all-over numerology seems to fit exactly that and therefore be based more on the weeks than on the cards. Fifty-two is a good, healthy number, indicative of time to wipe it all off the board and start all over; not definitive or final like 50 or 100; not overwhelming like 1,000, frivolous like 11 or 17; not memorable, for that matter, like 33, 66, 99. As in that delightful American usage, "first annual," naming something One means that the namer has every intention of later having a Two, Three, Four and so on, each of which will sell a touch more easily than it would have as 54, 55, or 56. With all that continuing history hanging on the initial venture, therefore, there can be no doubt that the B-1 will be built.

One more point of prologue. Opponents of the plane, such as former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford, have so far missed the rock bottom reason for the B-1

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and hence its inevitability. Clifford argues persuasively, from assumptions a good deal more militarily permissive than my own, that the machine is unnecessary, premature, obsolescent in advance and damned expensive, all of which are true and all irrelevant. The B-1 will be built because it *can* be built and for no other reason. This has been the driving force of our whole incredible arms development program ever since we put those funny little anti-missile missiles on the outskirts of selected cities and provided suburban housewives with an unexpected source of casual labor, the first and last instance of fall-out benefits to the civil population from the arms race.

All that being so, and a pattern in those things long established, it is no great trick to write the history of the B-1 ahead of time. As follows:

After a little more backing and filling, a posture here, a gesture there, Congress will assuredly get aboard, vote for the B-1 and announce that though it will indeed cost a lot of money, the security of America is beyond price.

Beyond price is what it all will turn out to be starting fast. The appropriation will hardly be secure in the Pentagon keep before cost revisions will begin coming out. The original "oh, 80 to 90 million, somewhere in there," will firm up at 90, period, and leaks from a disappointed contractor will confirm that the real estimate price, *tout compris*, will be more in the nature of a hundred and a quarter, more or less, well, say more. And that will be only the beginning.

The "tests," as the Pentagon amusingly calls them, will be taken and the plane will flunk on one or more crucial points. This will lead not to a decision not to build the new fleet, as the naive observer might imagine, but to a crash shakedown of Congress for the extra money needed to correct the deficiencies. Production will proceed.

About half way along in the program as originally scheduled, the project will produce a spin-off in the form of a smaller version, less sophisticated technically and less costly, suitable for use by nations less rich. The Pentagon will push this "Mini-B" heavily for sale to foreign countries. The contractor will do some pushing himself, chiefly through bribes to high government officials in selected governments. When these are discovered, the Pentagon will offer to become itself the delivering agency to foreign governments, thus eliminating the bribe-giving contractor. At least one of the countries will shortly have elections returning greatly increased Left-Socialist representation. This will be interpreted by the Pentagon as a reason for ever more urgency in the B-1 program. Congress will be asked for funds to speed up the manufacturing process. Funds will be forthcoming.

In spite of those funds, the program will lag farther and farther behind schedule.

At the same time, the cost will mount higher and higher. Advocates of arms economy will whisper awefully in the House dining room of a possible $200 million tag, not yet knowing that high in the Pentagon's attic, in the inner ring, a visionary gnome will already have done a glissando on the computer and glimpsed, like stout Cortex at Darien, the vista of a whole new world before him: the possibility of the first ever single weapon coming in at over half a billion. When the gnome, in response to a direct question from the chairman, tells a congressional committee of his projection, the Pentagon will eliminate his job description in a much lauded voluntary effort to reduce the military budget.

In the first finished product demonstration of the machine for an audience of appropriate, so to speak, congressmen and others, the wheels will fall off. When this information is published, the House will establish a special committee to investigate the leak. As part of the legislation funding the new committee, a relatively small appropriation will be made to stick the wheels back on.

Next, Jack Anderson, followed in full force by the *New York Times*, will reveal that half of the officers of brigadier and higher rank and half of the civilians of corresponding rank involved on the project have been spending their vacations or leaves for the whole life of the project as non-paying guests at the resorts run by a subsidiary of the contractor in Sardinia, the Seychelles, the Moluccas and (for long weekends) St. Lucia. The other half of the high-rankers, the stay-at-homes, will be deputed to write "severe" letters of reprimand to the gadabouts. What's more, the Pentagon spokesman will add savagely, those letters will go in their permanent files.

Despite these vicissitudes and others, despite the carping of the harpies on the shores of press and politics, the mechanical armada will at last be completed, medals and commendations handed 'round, one final extra appropriation made to cover unanticipated closing costs, and a monumental flypast of the whole fleet conducted over the Southwest desert as part of the festivities celebrating the bicentennial of the Whiskey Rebellion, the first incursion of the armed forces into the civil life of the Republic.

Well, the ice will have hardly melted in the celebratory Pennsylvania rye when the CIA will issue a report on a new mystery weapon the Soviets are planning that can cause the B-1 to crash halfway to target. In the ensuing national panic, the one calm voice will be that of the Pentagon's procurement office saying that thank God the office does have these plans for a new weapon able to defy the Soviet device and get through to target. It's to be called the B-2 and should cost out, oh, in the neighborhood of . . . possibly even less.

FRANK GETLEIN

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'CHANGE MUST COME'

PROTEST IN CHILE

"The recuperation of democracy is not only a demand existing within the roots of our nation, but also constitutes its most immediate interest."

These words published earlier this year in a book by ex-President Eduardo Frei, succinctly express the growing desire within Chile for a return to democracy. Over two years of harsh military rule have failed to eliminate the traditional democratic yearning which has molded Chilean political life for 160 years. Despite continued widespread repression, the outlawing of political activity and press censorship, public discontent with the regime of Gen. Augusto Pinochet is mounting, with a good chance that it may force him to step down during 1976.

"Protest is growing in the universities, in the churches and in the whole country," said an experienced Chilean analyst of public opinion. "The government is a failure. A change must come about soon. The junta has no way out. Its main support comes from the highest social stratum which is making good business. In the rest of the population, support is declining fast. The junta has made so many unfulfilled promises to the population—to end inflation and unemployment in 1975, for instance—that distrust is spreading also among its supporters."

As a result, Pinochet is losing his iron-fisted hold on the country. Since the beginning of 1976, criticisms of the regime—which would have been whispered privately among friends in 1975—are being made in public.

—Newspapers and journalistic associations are protesting the tight press laws.

—Academics forced a meeting with Air Force Gen. Gustavo Leigh, member of Pinochet's four-man junta, to complain of continued military control of universities.

—Pro-government civilians publish articles strongly attacking Pinochet's depression-causing economic policy.

—A Catholic priest active in human rights work categorically states on a radio talk show that torture of political prisoners is still a fact in Chile.

Although by U.S. standards Chile is still a hard-core dictatorship, the gradual opening of society is worrying Pinochet. He limited sale of the Frei book to 1,000 copies. Still, the book caused a flurry of comment in the press, finally forcing Pinochet to prohibit further press coverage, even if it was against Frei.

These widening fissures hamper Pinochet's plans for remaking Chile in his own likeness and image. Pinochet would like to evolve a Franco-style fascism. He would be the strongman. A one-party system, with leaders drawn from the right-wing Nationalist Party, and a rubber-stamp Congress would provide the empty garments of democracy.

The key factor in keeping Pinochet from increasing repression to retighten Chile is international public opinion which has already painted the regime with a broad, black brush. This bad image has meant significant cut-offs in economic and military aid, notably in Western Europe and the U.S.

The image is so bad that Pinochet has resorted to slamming the door in the face of many foreign journalists. Among the numerous newspeople prohibited from entering are Latin American correspondents of *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*.

The main domestic discontent revolves around government political violence and the economic policy, both of which have drastically affected huge segments of the population.

Reliable estimates of the deaths during and after the Sept. 11, 1973 coup range to 30,000. Human rights sources say at least 100,000 people have been detained for a minimum of 24 hours each under the current government. Untold numbers have fled to other countries.

Adoption of Milton Friedman's budget-cutting approach to solving inflation has resulted, according to a World Bank study, in Chile's "worst depression since the decade of the 1930s." Unemployment is officially at 16 percent of the three million work force with underemployment bringing the total up to at least 25 percent. Real wages in 1975 dropped 3 percent with the loss among the low-income earners being over 20 percent. Since Pinochet took over, consumer prices have risen 5,000 percent! The result is widespread hunger and poverty. Ten percent of the babies born will die of malnutrition before reaching the age of two. About 600,000 of the children under nine years old are suffering from malnutrition-induced health problems.

With the entire population only 10 million, Pinochet has managed to directly harm too many people, note Chilean political observers.

"This opposition is not just intellectual. A growing number of civilians hate this government. They have been tortured. They have friends or relatives who have been killed. They can't get a job. They are watching their children starve to death," explained one observer.

Leading the domestic opposition is the Catholic Church, the only institution which has been consistently able to criticize the military government. The Catholic Church sponsors the only independent organization providing legal aid to political prisoners. Church sources say an average of 20 people daily are still being arrested or tortured. Church welfare agencies have organized

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child-feeding programs to fill some of the hunger gap.

From the beginning, Pinochet has been unable to drastically reduce the social role of the Catholic Church because about 90 percent of the population profess Catholicism. Added to this is the Christian anti-Communist mantle Pinochet throws over his actions. Keeping up the pretense would be hard if Pinochet squashed the country's largest Christian religion.

This means a *de facto* political role for the Catholic Church. Church officials readily admit that many politically active civilians, including Marxists, are active in church social work because there is no place else to go. Church people deny, however, that this means partisan political infiltration of church activities. All are welcome, they say, as long as they abide by the Christian goals and standards of the organizations.

Despite denials, church activity is an important aid to the Christian Democrats, who draw their political inspiration from Catholic social teachings. The institutional Catholic Church historically has been a tacit ally of the Christian Democrats. In the past, pastorals issued by the bishops paralleled Christian Democratic policy statements. Church people were Christian Democratic advisers. Many Christian Democrats developed their social awareness and training in church organizations. Church activities are giving the Christian Democrats a needed outlet now that their party is prohibited from acting publicly.

The strengthening of Christian Democracy is considered important by political observers, who see the Christian Democrats as an important key if the country is to return to democracy. The hope is for a transition government led by a new group of military men with Christian Democratic advisers. This would provide the bridge to full civilian rule.

The hermetically-sealed military is believed to be split already with dissent over repression and economic policy reaching the high-ranking officer level. Civilian pressure is said to be widening the split, giving leverage to the dissidents in the battle to force out Pinochet. Within this schema, Frei's book is an important landmark. It is the first post-coup detailed public statement of the internationally respected Christian Democratic leader. Besides calling for a return of democracy, it advocates a revised political role for the military.

Pinochet seems to be well aware of the situation and has engaged in successful barracks politicking. He televised an elaborate ceremony in which the leaders of the armed forces pledged loyalty to him. He forced the resignation of Gen. Sergio Arellano Stark, one of the brains behind the 1973 coup. Gen. Arellano, an aide to Frei when Frei was President, was said to be a leading army dissenter.

When Frei's book was published, Pinochet emitted a stream of verbal invectives, comparing Frei to Kerenski, the Russian political leader who took over after the fall of the Czar and was later overthrown by the Soviets.

"These Kerenskis are not going to divide the armed forces," shouted Pinochet. "Throw out the politicians. We don't want the serene songs of the Kerenskis. They will drag us anew toward Marxism," he added.

This inflexibility in the face of civilian discontent sounds like the tinkling cymbal of a man slowly losing command of the forces around him. Pinochet may have won some battles, but he has not defused the powder keg.

AGOSTINO BONO

(Agostino Bono, a United States journalist living in Latin America, is a frequent contributor.)

JOHN FANDEL

SEA-GLASS: TWO VIEWS

1

In the green tons of silence sound as a drum,
A stained glass window of a Sea-Dome shattered,
The stillness so intense. These pieces, from
That soft explosion, tidal light-years scattered.

2

The Pepsi generation and the Moxie,
Miss Rheingold, Men of Distinction, threw away
Their empties in the sea, perforce their proxy,
Pounding bottles to a shore's jewel tray.

JOHN ROBERT QUINN

IMPATIENS

In olden days,
Rooted in jars
Of cistern water, then set
In pots of backyard soil
Drained by pebbles, they graced
Parlor and kitchen,
Dispersing winter's gloom
With their salmon-pink
Whirligigs. When frost
No longer threatened,
Housewives carried them out
To porches, or oftentimes
Transplanted them
In cemetery urns
To blunt the edge of grief
Hard as granite.

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A DISSENTING VOTE

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

Those of us who accept change, but who remember the virtues of another era, must, once in a while, dissent from the pieties of new morality and the age of openness. I have come across some felicitous expressions of this kind of dissent recently, and think they are worth sharing—and would like to add to them one of my own.

As is so often the case our perceptions are sharpened best by the creative writer—in this case by Wallace Stegner, in his brilliant recent novel, *The Spectator Bird*, a sad, funny, absorbing story of the search for meaning in old age. The admittedly crabbed protagonist, a literary agent who has retired with his wife to California as to a happy anteroom to senility and death, is all too explicit about what the anticipation means:

> "Like last week, when the dentist told me that the molar he has been trying to save by root canal work will have to go. I can read the future in that direction without cards or tea leaves. First a bridge, if he can find anything to hitch to it. Then a partial plate. Finally, a complete cleaning out of old snags in preparation for false teeth, on television called dentures. There will be a morning when I look in the mirror and see an old sunken-cheeked stranger with scared eyes and a mouth like a sea urchin's."

He can see it, but he doesn't have to like it. And he doesn't have to like what has been happening to the language in the television he has been watching daily:

> "O brave new world that hath such Februaries in it. . . . Or Febuaries, as Cronkite and half his tribe would say. . . . Instantly irritable, I compose a letter to the press instructing news commentators that those who use the language publicly and professionally should be advised that there are two r's in February, that *ing* is not pronounced *een*, and that verbs enjoy other possibilities than the present participle. *The White House announceen today that it has called a meeteen of business leaders for early Febuary. . . .*"

He has emphatic distaste for the counter-culture which he has been watching for twenty years—that counter-culture to which he lost his son:

> "In twenty years everything he stood for has taken over. . . . The pleasure principle. Now. Wow. Junk everything good along with the bad. History is an exploded science, civility is a dirty word, self-restraint is not only unhealthy, it's a laugh. Manners are hypocrisy, responsibility means you've sold out, adolescence lasts into the seventies, or will."

I will spare the reader here his graphic description of sex in the seventies and the novels which celebrate it, except to say that it is terse and apt. All these things are nuggets to be turned up in pursuit of a gripping gothic narrative and a harrowing search for self. But, all in all, a dissenting vote.

And then there is Dr. John Bunzel, president of California State at San Jose, who tells us that maledictions are currently designed as benedictions—and that these maledictions are the new threats to academic freedom. Thus, perhaps, to all freedom? One such threat he sees, he says, is *communalism disguised as pluralism*: "It is a movement sustained by the argument that tribalism is really indistinguishable from pluralism, and that affirmations of the democratic desire for diversity means acceptance of a group mentality indifferent to recognition based on personal merit."

Another such threat is the rise of vulgarity disguised as freedom, a perception very like Stegner's:

> "I refer here to intellectual and aesthetic vulgarity, to aggressive coarseness in speech and manners, to contempt for grammar and indifference to logic, to sloganeering as a substitute for thought, to hatred of culture, antipathy to history and release into fashionable nihilism. All these are paraded as the sweet, necessary, and inevitable fruits of liberty. . . ."

Still another threat is the worship of "*relevance disguised as realism.*" One can, I think, fault his metaphor, but not his concern or his realization that the less good and the transitory have been sold to us as new absolutes for our time. In sum, another dissenting vote.

Finally, I would like to cast my own vote against the current effort to confuse the catering to prurient interest with the satisfaction of the public's right to know.

There is the endless pseudo-solemn discussion of whether Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days* is journalism. I do not think it is. There is the debate over whether Doris Kearns's recording of the ramblings of a sick and aged president can be rated serious scholarship. I don't think it can. (In fact, not much of what is recorded is even new to those who listened to LBJ over the years.) and there is the question whether Judith Exner's story contributes to an historical evaluation of the Kennedy years. It doesn't. But all three

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DO WE NEED A NEW COLD WAR?

PETER STEINFELS

From the viewpoint of neoconservatives, there is much to be said for it

The past year has seen several notable examples of a special kind of magazine article. In each case the author presents a scenario which at first glance might offend our sensibilities, a scheme existing at the borders of ordinary morality. Perhaps the United States should seize the Arab oil fields along the Persian Gulf. Perhaps Israel, with American encouragement, should become an open and full-fledged nuclear power. Perhaps the U.S. should adopt a "lifeboat ethic," providing food aid only to a few nations pursuing what we judge vigorous and sound policies of population control.

There are several good rationales for this genre of article. One is that our initial reaction may be wrong; our understanding, either of the proposed action or of our own principles, may be mistaken. Another is that the proposal we prefer to dismiss may be so much in the logic of events, so likely to be contemplated, sooner or later, by persons in a position to effect it, that we had better have the matter out on the table for open discussion.

The proposal I would like to examine is of this latter type. Sooner or later—if not already—a serious body of opinion will wonder whether the United States might solve many of its domestic problems by launching a new Cold War. Or to put the proposal in question form: would another period of Cold War be domestically advantageous for the U.S.? The question requires some definition of terms.

By Cold War I mean a national mobilization of opinion centering upon an external enemy, the emotional and ideological equivalent of war minus, for the most part, the bloodshed. Three phrases from the first days of the Cold War in 1946-47 sound the critical notes: Senator Vandenberg's advice that to win aid for the anti-Communist forces in Greece and Turkey, Truman had better "scare hell out of the country"; Truman's consequent decision, ignoring the caution of several advisors, to state his case in sweeping and absolute terms, beginning with the promise, "At the present moment in world history nearly every nation must choose between alternative ways of life"; Churchill's earlier warning at Fulton, Missouri, that "through the world Communist fifth columns are established and work in complete unity and absolute obedience to the directions they receive from the Communist center." An atmosphere of emergency, the sharp division between friend and foe, the insidious danger within—these were the elements of the first Cold War and they would inevitably be the elements of a second. Political debate would have to be waged within the Cold War consensus, with political actors scrambling to seize and monopolize the high ground of loyalty.

It is not difficult to imagine how the United States, or its leaders, might "launch" such a Cold War. Of course, one can go so far as to entertain the outright provocation of conflict with a foreign antagonist. History teaches us that these things do happen, and recent revelations remind us that our own leaders are not immune to the strains of machiavellianism that have infected other leaders at other times. Nonetheless, entertaining such thoughts risks dismissal to the Siberia of "conspiracy theorists." It is easier, therefore, to imagine merely the exacerbation of one or another of the many tensions that will always be present among nations, the

PETER STEINFELS *is Associate for the Humanities at the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences in Hastings, N.Y., and a regular columnist for* Commonweal.

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focusing of public attention on these conflicts, or even the manipulation of opinion around some peripheral but explosive issue. The key is probably still the presidency; throughout all the studies of shifting public opinion on foreign affairs, there emerges the stark fact that where the President leads, the people will follow—at least for a while. Given executive leadership, or perhaps mere tolerance, the second crucial element is the mobilization of elites—congressional leaders, federal bureaucrats, the media, and politicized segments of business and the academy.

The process is not necessarily pretty. Norman Podhoretz recently described the role of McCarthyism in solidifying America's policy of anti-Communist intervention after World War II. "By 'MyCarthyism' here I am referring to more than a demagogic technique of accusation or to the activities of Senator Joseph McCarthy himself; I mean the entire range of public and private harassment of Communists and their sympathizers, real and alleged, inside the government and out. . . . Purging the government of Communist sympathizers was not the main purpose of McCarthyism. . . . Whatever its conscious intent may have been, its main effect—and the reason in all probability it was tolerated for so long by both major parties—was to bring home the Communist threat, to make it domestic, in order to mobilize popular support for a policy of fighting Communism abroad. McCarthyism was a way, in other words, of transforming what might have seemed a remote abstraction into a clear and present danger, so that sending money to Europe or sending troops to Korea could be represented as necessary measures of self-defense against a danger which had already moved inside the gates and even, as it were, under every bed."

Mr. Podhoretz, I believe, is on record as opposing McCarthyism, at least of the narrower variety; but here he treats "the entire range of public and private harassment of Communists and their sympathizers, real and alleged," as simply the effective instrument of establishing a policy he approves. The point is not unrealistic: that is what the Cold War—any Cold War—must be all about.

In part this explains why the term has come to have such a negative flavor. A Cold War, like any war, produces casualties, and the casualties commonly ascribed to the Cold War include much more than the individuals who were persecuted. Domestic policy was stunted. Attention was diverted from important problems, including a migration off the farms to the cities comparable to the great waves of immigration around the turn of the century. Not a few of the social problems of the 1960s and '70s had their roots in the decade of neglect that preceded. The suddenness with which other problems seemed to loom up, and the naiveté which marked many early efforts to cope with them, also owed much to the fact that basic criticism of American society had earlier been either stifled or isolated by suspicion, or submerged in the mood of national self-affirmation. Nourished by the Cold War, institutions like the military, the FBI and the CIA extended their power over theoretically independent sectors of American life, planting the seeds of later disillusionment, distrust and cynicism.

In foreign policy, the Cold War set in motion the forces that led us, among other things, to moral and military defeat in Vietnam, thereby undermining a good part of whatever previous successes the policy of anti-Communist intervention had enjoyed. At the same time, Vietnam extinguished the domestic initiatives of the mid-1960s, drawing off funds and political energies from the Great Society, hardening the immature political movement that began with the sit-ins and ended with the Weathermen, and fueling the excesses of generational revolt and repression.

Of course, opinions differ as to whether these casualties were or were not needless. To what degree was the Cold War thrust upon the U.S.? To what degree was it of our own making, either intentionally or through blunder? Was the momentum it achieved and the injury it wrought inevitable from the start? Or could these have been avoided had decisions rested in defter hands? Even those who would put the period in the best light, however, agree that the time came when responses the Cold War had engrained, in leaders as well as in the public, were drastically inappropriate. Is it any wonder that while a phrase like "World War II mentality" might connote outdatedness, "Cold War mentality" connotes wrongheadedness?

Why then consider the question of launching another Cold War? And especially why consider it in terms of possible *domestic* advantages? Not only our experience of the '50s but the very metaphor of war suggests a domestic sacrifice justified only by international necessity. Is this not perverse?

The answer depends on which of two views one holds of America's current situation. I am not referring to detailed analyses of the forces at work in the economy and culture, but to two broad dispositions or tendencies into which we can group most of those analyses, allowing as usual for mixtures and mutants. Both of these tendencies agree that the United States is undergoing a crisis of confidence. They disagree about locating responsibility for that crisis.

The first tendency is rather straightforward, sometimes naively so, in pointing to certain events and social structures as mainly responsible. The economic and racial stratification of American society, the power of corporations to shape or evade government regulation, the war in Vietnam, the demise of the Kennedy-Johnson social programs, the environmental and energy crises, Watergate, the recession—emphasis may vary but these are the items usually listed. When those so disposed

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criticize elites, their criticism is usually directed toward the groups who by and large make the final decisions in our society—businessmen, politicians, and government officials. They may also be critical of social protest movements, but they generally assume that such movements are founded on genuine grievances and deserve at least an initial sympathy. When they complain about the press and the intellectuals, the charge is usually that these groups are complacent and, for representatives of intellectual independence, unduly chummy with the holders of power. In the loose confines of this camp can be found most of the liberal and socialist Left, from the *New York Times,* and Senator Church to Michael Harrington and *Working Papers.*

The second broad disposition does not ignore these events or social structures, but it locates responsibility for our current crisis less in the events and structures themselves than in their interpretation. The real drama of our times is to be played out in the arena of culture and ideology. Accordingly, those so disposed point less to the decision-making elites than to the *interpreting* ones—to the intellectuals, the universities, and the media, what some have called the "knowledge industry." These have been accused of a catalogue of sins too voluminous to be repeated here, but they include: sheer incompetence, antinomian tendencies, relentless and unfair muckraking, rendering effective government impossible by prying into bureaucratic confidences, contempt for the work ethic and middle-class virtues, willingness to sacrifice liberty for equality, insistence on material and moral standards that cannot possibly be met by any institutions, and the induction of incapacitating guilt over America's failings. The result of seeing the world through such a distorting lens has been to erode legitimacy, authority and discipline at all levels of society, setting the stage for the famous "failure of nerve" said to afflict the United States if not the entire liberal West. While this camp encompasses Henry Kissinger and occasionally Ronald Reagan and William Buckley too, its most articulate and sophisticated spokesmen have been the neoconservative intellectuals grouped around *Commentary* and the *Public Interest* and, until yesterday, supporting the presidential candidacy of Henry Jackson. The high quality of their argument, its congruence to the needs of powerful economic and political interests and its overall coherence, in contrast to the *ad hoc,* issue-specific nature of much liberal criticism, have given the neoconservatives an exceptional influence for a relatively small group.

For those of the first disposition, resolving the crisis of confidence requires those institutional reforms and changes in leadership which might assure that the decisions which led to the present situation will not be repeated and the institutional flaws which encouraged or allowed these things to occur will be mended. For those of the second disposition, confidence can be restored only when we adjust our perspective on America's faults and flaws, recognizing that they are to a large degree the unavoidable lot of all nations like ours, and in nowise detract from the fact that, as Daniel Patrick Moynihan phrases it, "we are the party of liberty . . . even when least true to it."

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Nothing could better encapsulate the differences between these outlooks than the address by Moynihan at last December's *Pacem in Terris IV* Conference and some of the comments which followed it. Referring to the war in Vietnam, Moynihan said simply, "Now this sort of thing happens, nations lose wars. . . ." He went on to discuss the "decline in authority" and the "failure of nerve" which has afflicted the foreign policy elite as a consequence of this defeat. At least in the printed and widely quoted version of these remarks there is no suggestion that this decline and failure have in any way been merited, that there was something seriously wanting in the authority and "nerve" which locked the U.S. into "this sort of thing" in the first place. Moynihan may in fact look upon the old "nerve" with a critical eye; or he may, as hinted by his observation that "such hurts" are healed by "time and the circulation of elites," look forward to a restoration of the *status quo ante.* In any case, this larger connection does not matter. What is important is the momentary fact that our ideological responses are slowed.

Among the other "clusters of influence" which Moynihan holds responsible for weakening America's ability to compete ideologically with the Soviets, he discusses at length the "superior capacity of Marxist argument to induce guilt." To which Richard Barnet replied in the later discussion: "I think there is ideological conflict. I do not think that that conflict can be won by speeches in the United Nations, however eloquent, or by attempting to feed our own sense of doubt and uncertainty as a result of the disastrous policies we pursued for so many years in Southeast Asia. I think there is a good deal of guilt in this country not because people have been reading the *Communist Manifesto* but because people have been reading about Watergate, the bribes by Gulf Oil, the efforts of the FBI to harass

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Americans like Martin Luther King, and the CIA's campaign against tens of thousands of American citizens. We have guilt because . . . we have begun to sense that the spirit which was the real source of our strength is beginning to sap away. I believe that this country has enormous sources of strength, but that we will not be able to use that strength unless we begin to reconstruct our own society."

It is not my intention to argue the merits of these contending outlooks. No great effort is needed to detect that my sympathies are generally with the first, though there are problems which it slights and which the second addresses with a good deal of insight. Both tendencies are well represented in the "public prints." The electorate, to be sure, appears vastly indifferent to either view, as witness the success of Jimmy Carter, who has escaped identification in these terms altogether. But Carter or no, political life will be deeply affected by which disposition can establish the prevailing climate of opinion.

Now it should be clear that for the first of these tendencies a new Cold War would be disastrous. By fixing the country's attention on an external danger, it would almost certainly destroy the possibility of attending to the internal ills these critics espy. The critics themselves would be subject to charges, nearly always effective, of national disloyalty.

For the second tendency the case is quite otherwise. At least at first glance it seems that a new Cold War, even in the absence of foreign policy imperatives, would answer well to their analysis of what America needs domestically. Would it not, for instance, administer the *coup de grâce* to the New Left and New Politics enemies against whom *Commentary* has been obsessively campaigning for years, just as McCarthyism, according to Podhoretz did to the pro-Soviet and anti-interventionist liberals of the postwar periods? And even as McCarthyism accomplished more than its ostensible aim, so would a new bout of Cold War. The over-critical media would be brought into line. The legitimacy of institutions, claims of authority, and habits of discipline would be at least temporarily strengthened. Guilt would be relieved as we contrasted America with the enemy overseas, and intellectual dissent would be either quieted or isolated.

This could be more than a defensive action, holding the line against further erosion of the Republic. It could open the way for positive reforms. One can draw from the writings of neoconservatives like Moynihan the conclusion that a better opinion of ourselves and a calming of what Samuel P. Huntington calls the "excess of democracy," in favor of the claims of expertise, are preconditions for achieving some moderate but significant domestic improvements.

From the viewpoint of the neoconservatives, then, a Cold War has much to be said for it. What can be said against it? There are, in fact, within the framework of neoconservative thought, some good, though perhaps not overriding, reasons for opposing such a development.

The first reason is obvious. *A new Cold War might get out of hand.* This could happen internationally or domestically.

Internationally the easiest way to contain the consequences of a new Cold War would be to choose our "enemy" well. The less powerful the better. Thus the Third World is a better enemy than the Soviet Union; the black African states are better than the Third World, which includes the oil-rich Arabs; and General Amin is best of all. The advantage of Moynihan's campaign against petty tyrants like Amin is precisely that most of them are petty. Unfortunately, by the same token they are not a very credible adversary, and it took the outrageous Zionism resolution, combined with Moynihan's eloquence and his theory of a rising tide of Fabian-inspired anti-Americanism, to make them even temporarily so.

The Cubans, the Syrians and the Communist parties of Western Europe are other candidates; but the realities of international politics are such that, independent of preference, the Soviet Union, or perhaps the old construct, "international Communism," is the only convincing contender. *Here the danger of escalation and losing control is real*, and the certified members of the foreign policy establishment, Dr. Kissinger included, are apt to hesitate. They prefer that diplomacy be left entirely in their own hands, free from larger swings of public opinion; and they have elevated this preference into a point of high theory and an article of belief. Such an inconvenience, however, is not so likely to forestall most of the neoconservatives, whose intellectual center of gravity is not in "crisis management" or deterrent theory but in domestic politics and ideological criticism. To begin with, they believe that an increase in Soviet belligerence is more likely in the absence of a mobilized American opinion than in the face of it. Further they recall, with some degree of confidence, the management of conflict which, even in Dulles's days, kept the first Cold War within bounds.

Domestically, the situation is different. *A new Cold War could possibly mean a shift to the Right which would submerge the neoconservatives along with their liberal and radical opponents.* During the McCarthy period many of this group voiced fears of what they called the "yahoo Right." Since then they have regularly warned of a right-wing backlash, associated with figures like Wallace, Goldwater, Reagan and the more hyperactive military men. The question is, how far have they come? Individuals who in the 50's were young academics or writers with histories of radicalism or Marxism barely behind them are now full professors,

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members of national commissions, and guests at the White House. Leading figures in the group made their peace with Nixon. Meanwhile, their warnings of backlash have come to seem more and more like rhetorical weapons in their feuds with the Left, and the post-Vietnam backlash they anticipated has not, in any case, materialized—they might conclude the danger is not so real. A full-scale shift to the Right might crush the hopes some neoconservatives apparently still entertain of domestic reform. One must say "apparently," however, because advocating reform occupies so little of the group's energies in comparison with explaining why reform is (a) unnecessary, (b) unworkable, or (c) impossible.

Between the Right that might profit from a new Cold War and the neoconservatives there is an undeniable gulf of style. The latter are cosmopolitan intellectuals, immersed in the ideological quarrels and the political tragedies of the century. When pressed, they can defend mass culture and Main Street, but only by making a theory out of it—the Higher Boosterism. They distrust native populism and the moralistic cast of American politics. In the past they urged awareness of complexity and unintended consequences against simple solutions and good intentions. Again, there have been changes. Podhoretz now sounds the crusading note, Moynihan calls for ideological combat, Nathan Glazer insists that the truths about America's world role are really simple after all. It is nevertheless hard to see them making common cause with Billy James Hargis and the Manchester *Union-Leader*.

A new Cold War would most likely further enhance the power of the presidency and the military; and this could be another sticking point for the neoconservatives. In fact, the group is deeply divided on this question. Robert Nisbet is an outspoken critic of the growth in executive and military power; others are regularly critical of centralization and the federal bureaucracy; still others retain the New Deal faith in a strong presidency and the federal government generally; and some, while fearing centralization, consider the so-called "imperial presidency" a necessity for effective foreign policy. So far these internal differences are muted, because each position manages to build its case in criticism of the same opponents—liberals who wish to use the federal government as an instrument of egalitarian policies but who also want to curtail the power of the President and the military. The neoconservatives' attitudes toward presidential power and centralized government converge less on what they oppose than on whom they oppose, and no strong resistance to Cold War should probably be anticipated on these grounds.

A new Cold War could provide, at most, a temporary respite from what ails America. It is one of the neoconservatives' strong points that, when not distracted by polemic, they worry about some of the longer trends

My impression is the only substantial disadvantage a new Cold War would pose for the neoconservatives is the risk that influence might shift to a provincial Right having little use for 'pointy-headed intellectuals' . . .

in our history, trends in education, demographic patterns, economic aspirations, political culture, and, most serious of all, the decline of traditional religion. Not only would a flurry of Cold War leave these deeper causes of the current malaise untouched; it might well divert us from a search for solutions. Unfortunately, the neoconservatives exhibit little confidence that solutions are possible. They lean toward stoic resignation, and like the Stoics who ruled the Roman empire they are apparently willing to accept improvisations they cannot believe in as part of the tragic cost of keeping a civilization together. A Cold War would be no long-run solution, but in the long run we are all dead—or living in California.

What would be the impact of a Cold War on the situation of American Jews? The question is appropriate because many of the neoconservatives are Jewish, and issues like black anti-Semitism, the effect of quotas and affirmative action on Jewish interests, and the international isolation of Israel have played a critical role in their political evolution. Periods of intense nationalism have usually been threatening to the Jewish community. Indeed Nathan Glazer specifically expressed the fear that a post-Vietnam and post-1960s backlash might find American Jewry particularly vulnerable, identified, as it often has been, with political dissent and cultural innovation. That fear was not borne out by events, however, and Glazer concluded that the Jewish community's greatest point of exposure was its firm attachment to the increasingly precarious safety of Israel, a cause for which non-Jewish Americans might grow reluctant to sacrifice. Glazer's resolution of this difficulty was logical (and a traditional strategy for minority groups): the defense of Israel should not be seen as a "special case," an exception to a broad retreat from overseas commitments; instead, Israel should be subsumed under a general American policy of defending independent and democratic states worldwide. Glazer was not calling for a Cold War. But the policy he urged was not incompatible with one either. Domestically, Jews might have more to lose from a turning inward of America than from nationalist turning outward.

There remains at least one more disadvantage neo-

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conservatives, no less than others, might find in a Cold War—*the inevitable excesses and injustices*. Referring to a group of the neoconservatives' critics, Daniel Moynihan granted that "almost all were honorable men." Such generosity toward their adversaries is not usually a neoconservative trait (they would reply, of course, that they have been afflicted with a bad lot of adversaries) but it may as well be imitated. One can assume that the neoconservatives would regret, as something more than a matter of style, the injuries and falsehoods a new Cold War would generate. How heavy would that weigh in their estimation? There are three sources of uncertainty in this connection. The first is their tone of desperation. To their alarm over the domestic state of the union, since the Yom Kippur war they have added an alarm over foreign policy. They now envision a pincer's movement cutting off American support for non-Communist regimes, an alliance between the "knowledge industry," with its alleged socialist sympathies, and business forces, yearning for Soviet trade. This raises, of course, a separate issue, whether a Cold War might be necessary strictly for foreign policy reasons rather than as an instrument of domestic advantage. Psychologically, however, the distinction is not so sharp. The perceived threat from abroad and the threat from within merge into a single menace that could justify harsh measures. The fact that several of the neoconservatives flirted with McCarthyism in the '50s presents a second source of uncertainty about the degree of reluctance they might feel today. Finally, although the group as a whole declares its attachment to "liberty," that attachment has remained extremely abstract, at least in regard to cases involving the United States. Where liberty has been assaulted here, their first concern seems to be that no one should let the assault reflect badly upon our institutions. Liberty may only be a rhetorical counter to equality and democracy, only another way of spelling order.

What can one conclude from this ledger of pros and cons? My own impression is that the only substantial disadvantage a new Cold War would pose for the neoconservatives is the risk that influence might shift to a provincial Right having little use for "pointy-headed intellectuals," no matter what their politics. Why then have they not yet urged us in the direction taken by Churchill and Truman, and the somewhat different direction taken by Joseph McCarthy? Some observers say that they have. In this view, Moynihan's performance at the United Nations was calculated less to achieve specific international ends than to boost spirits at home by denouncing enemies abroad. In the May issue of *Harper's*, Frances FitzGerald goes further, concluding that Moynihan has recreated "the McCarthyite attack," trying "to shift the blame for the [Vietnam] war from the people who made it—all his old employers and his candidate for 1976, Henry Jackson—onto the people who opposed it." Moynihan, the neoconservatives, and Henry Kissinger, according to her, are creating the right-wing backlash they once said that they feared. "Moynihan is not himself a McCarthy—and Marx may be right that history repeats itself only as farce—but he has accused several groups in this country of something approaching treason."

I think this judgment is overwrought, and hence unfair. There is an important difference between charging people with catastrophic attitudes—whether or not the charges can be sustained—and accusing them of treason. Moynihan has done the former, not the latter; and "something approaching treason" does not bridge the gap.

FitzGerald may turn out not to have been wrong, only premature. Not long ago, I heard that a prominent neoconservative had said he would consider an aggressive Soviet initiative as a godsend. It would discipline the intellectuals and unify the country. The report may not be accurate or it may be exaggerated. What bothered me—apart from the fact that there is such a small line between eagerly anticipating such an aggression and subtly encouraging one—was that, from his position, this conclusion makes so much sense. What follows from the neoconservative outlook is the desirability of a "little" Cold War, one not too difficult to control. A full-fledged crusade? I do not think it is their style. But if a politician took that step, would they welcome it? Would they tolerate it—as Podhoretz recalls the major political parties long tolerating McCarthyism? Would they oppose it? My own guess is by now obvious.

I add that such a Cold War would be one of the most destructive developments imaginable for American politics. I say that, to be sure, because of my adherence to the first of the two broad dispositions I delineated earlier. But given the serious objections to a Cold War implicit within the neoconservatives' own outlook, objections which might take on greater weight as circumstances shifted or perceptions altered, I think that the grounds for hoping that my guess will turn out wrong can be found on more neutral terrain. The neoconservatives are in the process of establishing themselves as the "intelligent conservative party" which liberals always declared America lacked. However unhappy liberals may be now that the neoconservatives have actually emerged, their original insight was correct. Do we really have to ask ourselves whether the Left is better off shaping its convictions in debate with a Daniel Bell or a Daniel Moynihan than with a Ronald Reagan, a Phyllis Schaffly, a Herbert Stein, or a William Safire? But if the neoconservatives should now become recruiting officers or apologists for a new Cold War, they will be jettisoning what is best in their outlook, in a bid for total intellectual dominance. It will go tooth and nail between intellectual camps. Win or lose, they (and all of us) will lose.

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CHARISMATICS IN BRITAIN

BRIAN WICKER

Another example of a worldwide phenomenon

Some time ago I thought it might be useful to write something about the Catholic charismatic renewal in Britain so that *Commonweal* readers, who are probably much more aware of the "charismatic" phenomenon than are their British counterparts, could compare their own experience with what has been happening over here. So I went along to talk to one or two local people I knew to be involved pretty deeply, to try to get some basic facts. But this was not as easy as I thought it would be; mainly because the more they talked, the less relevant the sort of facts I had in mind seemed to become. You can't understand it, they said, without seeing and taking part in it yourself.

So when the chance came along of attending a big conference here in Birmingham, my wife and I decided to go and see for ourselves. Of course we were far from the only newcomers: there was a skeptical bishop, for example, who said he had been "detailed" by his fellow-bishops to go along and see what was going on. And plenty of others more or less like ourselves: open-minded enquirers, but suspicious of the emotional side as well as of the possibility of an irrational fundamentalism and even superstition. We were frightened of the talk that we'd heard about "tongues" and miraculous healings, and much more so of talk about exorcisms and casting out evil spirits. But we were also aware of the genuine theological basis of the whole thing, and of the obvious sincerity of the people we know who were "in" it.

Why then were we (or perhaps I should say "I" from now on, as I'm talking now only about my own reaction) so unprepared for what we actually found? What was it about the meeting that was disturbing in so fundamental a sense, unsettling to the rut one had got into over the years, worryingly insistent and demanding of a personal response? Perhaps an answer can only be given in true "charismatic" tradition via a little bit of autobiography. I became a Catholic in the early fifties in what we now recognize (though one never saw it so at the time) as the fag-end of an ecclesiastical era. What was impressive about the Church then, for me, was precisely the chance it gave, within Christianity, of discovering and putting into practice the truth of what T. S. Eliot had once described at the level of art and the artist: "What happens is a continual surrender of himself as he is at the moment to something which is more valuable. The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continuous extinction of personality." In Catholicism one found the sense of a monumentally inescapable past still somehow present in doctrine, in morals, in liturgy, in art, in culture and language; yet also a sense that there was always a place for eccentrics, saints: these two senses offered a liberation from personality and the "undisciplined squads of emotion" which for me were associated with other forms of collective allegiance, whether religious or political. The church provided a liberation from the burden of self and, in a sense, of that critical self-consciousness which is bred by a university education; but still remained for all that, within a critically and rationally aware intellectual tradition.

Given such a background, plus a more recent concern to see develop a powerful understanding of the political responsibility of the Church in the modern world, the immediate impression given to me by the charismatic renewal was a complex one: of profound self-renewal and yet, initially, of profound embarrassment too. To take the embarrassment first, not only did I find the singing and music trite and banal (Oh, for some Palestrina or some Messiaen!) but the very vocabulary seemed to me retrogressive, reminding me of connections long since forgotten, with various forms of Protestant fundamentalism that still hang around in the atmosphere I associate with earlier generations of my own family. The idea that we should pray and worship with our whole selves, body as well as mind, heart as well as head, was of course a familiar truth I had long acknowledged—notionally. But the actual manifestations of this truth, in fairly timid physical gestures (the upraised arms, the rhythmical clapping to an insistent beat) somewhat repelled me. As far as I was concerned, to jive or rock-and-roll would have been a more adequate expression of that truth. Furthermore, it did not take long for one to become aware of the essentially middle-class nature of the whole gathering. The English middle-class is, I suppose, a pretty inhibited sector of the human race; and that part of it which either belongs

BRIAN WICKER *is* Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Great Britain.*

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to, or has been educated by Catholic congregations of religious, of either sex, is possibly more inhibited than the rest. So one of the things one finds in the charismatic renewal in Britain (speaking, for the moment at a purely sociological level, prescinding from the essential Christianity of it all) seems to be a yearning to be able (and permitted) to expose emotions otherwise usually suppressed in the religious context. (Working-class people may have other physical and emotional outlets: at football matches, in pubs, above all perhaps in the physicality of work itself.) But this middle-class yearning is combined with an implicit assumption that, even when the emotional key is unlocked, a genteel style of expression will still prevail as the norm. Things won't get out of hand: one can take that much pretty well for granted.

So I suppose the true source of my embarrassment lay in the fact that while I had painfully to recognize how exactly I myself fitted into that middle-class world (indeed I was surprisingly and worryingly at home in it), yet at the same time I did not much like having to acknowledge this fact to myself quite so candidly as the prolonged exposure seemed to require. Nevertheless, it scarcely needs to be said that the larger truth remains: namely that the embarrassment was but a trivial side-effect of something infinitely more important, even irresistible. That "the heart has its reasons" becomes a truth, in the context of the charismatic renewal, at a level almost inconceivable in any other context: and it is perhaps not surprising that these "reasons" find expression in forms and styles that are initially disturbing to any middle-class, intellectually overdeveloped and emotionally undernourished person like myself. Nor is it surprising eventually to find that in the end this does not matter except marginally.

There is no doubt in my own mind that the charismatic renewal is one of the most important, perhaps the most fundamental, kind of renewal that is occurring among Christians today. Not only does it offer to established Christians bread where most of the other supposed sources of nourishment (ecclesiastical commissions, nostalgic "traditionalism," modernistic liberal theology, ecumenical discussions, Christian/Marxist dialogues and the rest) offer only stones: it also offers (as did the apostles in all their acts) something of immediate interest and value to unbelievers, namely the restoration to daily experience of extraordinary manifestations (it would be wrong to call them miracles) of an energy unmistakably good and perplexingly powerful; an energy which is capable of lifting people out of the rut of disease, despair and isolation in which they are often plunged, and of inspiring sons and daughters to prophesy, young men to see visions and old men to dream dreams. If Bonhoeffer's "religionless Christianity" for a world "come of age" has, alas, proved a dead end, perhaps the charismatic affirmation of the rejuvenating power of a spirit which is defiantly "religious" will prove to be a thoroughfare to a new, and less middle-aged, heaven and earth.

To speak of a profound self-renewal, of course, is much more difficult. But it is worth saying at once that we found a charity and integrity of purpose among that large crowd of miscellaneous people which showed to us, almost for the very first time, what was meant by the saying that you could distinguish the Christians by one thing alone—how they loved one another. It is impossible to describe such a reality as was evident at the conference without giving an impression of mawkish sentimentality: suffice it to say that especially in the prayer-groups, in the spontaneous praying over individuals for particular gifts or healings, and in the individual statements by people of what had personally happened to them, an intensity of sheer *light* was cast upon the proceedings (I can't think of any less metaphorical expression) which was surely irresistible in its appeal to the spiritual eye of anyone not already blind. The bishop was converted from a skeptical observer to a participant: so was I. To have been anything else would have been a betrayal of something so unambiguously right that it would have been almost awesome in its perversity; for we were no longer under the burden, familiar to any Catholic who is over forty, of a certain kind of fear: of what Eliot called "fear of fear and frenzy, fear of possession, of belonging to another, or to others, or to God."

Of course, this is not to deny the obvious limitations, dangers and weaknesses of the charismatic renewal in Britain at the present time. Apart from the immediate and obvious dangers (cults of personality, superstition, regressions into various kinds of fundamentalism) there is the much bigger problem of its primarily middle-class appeal. This, I believe, is a more intractable problem than most "charismatics" are likely to admit, for on the whole they tend to see the "renewal" as above sociology, above ideology, even above theology itself. In a sense they are right. But at the same time, the renewal can only become fully Catholic by somehow overcoming this fundamental social limitation. Furthermore the renewal is liable to see its social role purely in terms of individualistic good works. It is something of an orthodoxy, I feel, among the more experienced members, to say that you can only change society for the better by first of all changing individuals—the old Dickensian "change of heart" solution, but backed up by a genuine sense of the transforming power of the Holy Spirit. That qualification of the Dickensian thesis is of course literally crucial: but it is not enough, not because of any constraint on the Holy Spirit, but (I venture hesitatingly to suggest) because of a limitation in thought by those who are its instruments.

Thus, it would be a mistake to suppose that the charismatic renewal is somehow exempt from having

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any "political" aspect: it clearly does, as various people working in Northern Ireland, and formerly in Chile, made clear at the conference. But it will certainly be necessary for the renewal to work out much more fully and consciously its own political role, both within the church and in society. Any genuine return to the roots of Christianity in the New Testament must at the same time be a return to a situation in which Christians have to confront "the world:" and this means confronting imperialist oppression, economic domination, military might, religious conformism, state bureaucracy and continuous temptations to violence in the support of good as well as bad causes. The charismatic renewal will not have come of age until it has got to grips with this dimension of its responsibilities to the church and to the many thousands of those it already so hopefully nourishes.

IN THE MOVIES

TELEVISION

Movies on TV and for TV have been with us for some 20 years now. For almost the same length of time, however, TV has become a part of movie plots. Old Hollywood movies first began to appear on television in the mid-fifties following the merger of ABC with the Paramount Theatre Corp. Inc. Not only did NBC and CBS initiate policies of featuring movies on TV, but moviemakers began to reflect the growing importance of the new medium in their scenarios. In 1957 two major motion pictures were released which were centered on the inner workings of the TV broadcasting industry. Walter Lang's *Desk Set* starred Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn as employees of a major TV network; Elia Kazan directed Budd Schulberg's *Face in the Crowd*, an exposé of the power of unscrupulous people to use TV to exploit the mass audience for commercial and political purposes.

It is not surprising that movies would feature allusions to an industry which has become so prosperous and so pervasive in its influence over the public. Recall Carl Reiner's romantic farce, *The Thrill of It All* (1963) in which Doris Day becomes involved in making commercials for TV at the peril of her marriage. The audiences laughed loudly at this film but did not reflect on the deeper implications of introducing a device into the home which, by the mere twist of a dial, set up a pitchman's table for all the family to see. A cursory review of movies in which TV plays even a fleeting role casts considerable light on how and why it is used.

Take one of the earliest films which referred to TV, *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* (1956), which starred Gregory Peck as a corporate executive with a conscience. Living in a suburban "dormitory" town and commuting to his job in Manhattan, Peck's gray-flanneled businessman has very little time for his family. One touching scene shows his two children in their pajamas on the floor watching TV as their father peers at them from the doorway behind. Those of us who saw the original version of this film hardly suspected that twenty years later audience surveys would reveal that the average pre-school child sees a total of almost 4,000 hours of TV and that a great number of children spend more time with TV than with their father. *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* foreshadows this state of affairs. As a predominantly middle-class means of mass communication, American movies do not adequately reflect the inordinate role TV plays in the culture of poverty. *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* (1962) had a brief scene in which two British working-class youths turned off the sound on the TV and mocked the gestures of a pompous speaker.

Not only is TV a "baby-sitter" but it is a "time-killer," acting as an obliging companion for the aged, the lonely and the weary traveler. In *The Resurrection of Peter Proud*, the reincarnated protagonist and his daughter visit his mother in a rest home for the aged. In the community lounge, some infirm patients watch daytime TV programs, confirming the observation that in hospitals, prisons and welfare institutions TV serves as a "semi-narcotic." One wonders whether James Stewart's voyeuristic photographer, confined to a wheelchair in Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Window* (1954), is not a representative of that large group of curious and bored people who must watch something compulsively. Formerly it was an open window onto the street and across courtyards into the uncurtained windows of neighboring apartments; today it is TV's "open window" onto the boundless universe of vicarious experience.

In the Golden Age of Hollywood in the thirties over one hundred million Americans had the "movie habit." For these the weekly policy was not to go to *see* a movie but rather to *go* to see any movie. This passivity is also noticeable in TV viewers. In *The Last Tango in Paris*, the mother-in-law of Marlon Brando's Paul watches TV till the end of the program day in order to distract herself from the suicide of her daughter, Rosa. In *Hotel* (1967), a burglar (Karl Malden) tiptoes into the room of a resident who has fallen asleep watching TV. The set is still on. With brimming confidence, the thief takes time out to watch the program. In *Harry and Tonto* (1974) we have an instance of TV as filling the intervals of a long journey. In his motel room, Art Carney's Harry turns off the TV receiver to go to bed. Since he has a teen-age hitchhiking companion, he does not need the full company of TV or what someone called "chewing gum for the eyes."

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In *The French Connection II*, Popeye Doyle (Gene Hackman), frustrated at not being able to talk with the natives in Marseille, France, turns on TV in his hotel room. Not being able to understand anything, he at least has the satisfaction of being able to mock the speakers without offending anyone, thus working off his obvious aggressions. In Antonioni's *The Passenger*, we have another traveler—Jack Nicholson's ennui-ridden documentary filmmaker—who finds distaste in seeing a news telecast which reminds him of his own complicity in "making" news and not merely reporting it objectively. This recalls Haskell Wechsler's *Medium Cool* with its live TV footage about the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago.

Television is very much a nighttime form of escape and many people watch the "small screen" through their toes, as Johnny Carson would say. In several movies, TV is depicted as a prelude to or a substitute for sex. In John Schlesinger's *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, Glenda Jackson is seen in bed with her lover while the "telly" shows the clergyman "signing off" the day's TV schedule with a sermonette. The lovers laugh irreverently as the tube darkens. Earlier the same Schlesinger provided comic-relief in *Midnight Cowboy* when the Texas hustler (Jon Voigt) tussels in bed with an impassioned client (Brenda Vaccaro), while triggering sporadically the remote control device which frantically changes the channels. The image is stunning in its suggestiveness for it links the need for "instant sex" with that for instant vicarious experience. That TV is not necessarily an aphrodisiac is evident from Martin Scorsese's *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*. At the beginning of the picture, Ellen Burstyn as Alice snuggles up to her truckdriver husband, Donald, as he watches TV in bed. He shrugs her away. Dejected, she cries in her pillow. In an unusual twist on TV and love-making, the movie *Loving* has a scene in which an alienated married draughtsman (George Segal) finds himself in a playpen with a party guest, unmindful that the TV monitor is transmitting his erotic frolicking to another room where his wife and the other guests are unbidden intruders to his private escapade.

TV as a link with politics as well as with sex is amply demonstrated in Hal Ashby's *Shampoo*, starring Warren Beatty and Julie Christie. Throughout the film we are treated to glimpses of the victorious faces of Richard M. Nixon, Spiro Agnew and the members of the newly appointed cabinet as they appear after the 1968 election on the TV news reports. We hear Nixon's promise to unite a divided nation and Agnew's references to the spiritual strength of the country. These televised allusions to corruption in high places (remember that *Shampoo* is a post-Watergate film) act as a counterpoint to the venality and infidelity of the Hollywood scene as mirrored in the frenetic life of George the Beverly Hills hairdresser (played by Warren Beatty). *Shampoo* refers only lightly to the cosmetic nature of television politics; in *The Candidate*, however, Robert Redford's photogenic virtues qualify him as a glamour candidate who relies almost exclusively on TV to defeat the incumbent, a less attractive personality. The movie shows that charismatic political types attract "groupies" just as do the widely known and often televised rock'n'roll idols featured in *A Hard Day's Night, Privilege* and *Wild in the Streets.*

If science fiction movies can be considered as a "distant early warning" signal of what is ahead, then there are some disturbing apocalyptic alarms given in *1984, Fahrenheit 451, Space Odyssey: 2001*, and *Sleeper*. In these films TV is used in dehumanizing ways—to increase political control, to inhibit interpersonal communications, to dull the critical sense, and, in general, to induce social conformity and acceptance of the status quo. The average moviegoer sees the surveillance cameras in *The Towering Inferno* as a sound technological precaution to identify trouble areas in the multistoried building. These same cameras can further the purposes of a negative utopia such as suggested in the British version of Orwell's *1984*. The most cynical use of TV for anti-human ends was depicted in Germo Pietri's *The Tenth Victim* in which the state licenses people to kill for sport. During such a manhunt, a seductive woman (Ursula Andress) plots to kill her

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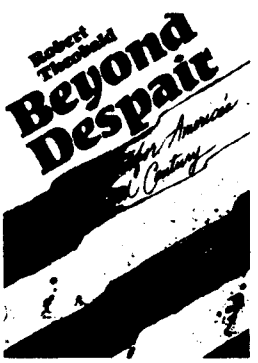

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intended victim (Marcello Mastroianni) on a television program during a commercial for Ming tea.

It is difficult to underestimate the power of TV. Consequently, any clues which help us to understand better its capacity to shape our minds and imaginations, both singly and collectively, should be welcome. Fred Allen, the late radio comedian, was apprehensive about TV and what it would do to mass tastes. He jokingly observed that the next generation would be born with four eyes and no tongue. He had little idea how soon his fears would materialize. In Ken Russell's musical, *Tommy*, we see a torrent of muck pour out of Ann Margret's TV set, depositing on the white rug of her bedroom floor a foot-deep layer of sludge. She dives headfirst into the pool of filth and frolics in it as if it were perfumed bathwater. A surrealistic scene, to be sure, but nevertheless one which forces us to ponder the full spectrum of consequences, intended and unintended, of the most powerful communications medium in the history of the species. Even more than the "big screen," the "small screen" is inside us in ways of which we are scarcely aware. There are some critical lessons contained in movies about how this remarkable piece of technology called television affects our lives. Just as we are aware of movies on TV so it would be highly instructive if we became attuned to the growing presence of TV on our movie screens.

NEIL P. HURLEY

(*Father Neil P. Hurley, author of* Film: The New Humanism [*Delta Paperback*] *and the forthcoming* Liberation in Film [*Orbis Books*], *is a previous contributor.*)

TOUGH BREAKS

THE SCREEN

The climactic scene in Arthur Penn's new Western, *The Missouri Breaks*, is purposely more of an anticlimax. Lee Clayton (Marlon Brando), a "regulator" hired by a Montana rancher to control rustling, has tracked down and killed all the rustlers except one, Tom Logan (Jack Nicholson). Somewhere out in the wilderness, Clayton beds down for the night. He plays his harmonica for awhile, until he's interrupted by the pissing of his horse, and as he drops off to sleep, Penn fades slowly to blackness. The next shot is a tight close-up of Clayton's sleeping face; and just as this shot pops onto the screen, Clayton's eyes start open. There is the momentary confusion of the awakened sleeper in those eyes, but nothing more. Then off-camera Tom Logan's unexpected voice says quietly, "What woke you up was, I slit your throat." We can't see Clayton's throat, but an ooze of blood now coming from the corner of his mouth tells us it's true, and his eyes become hooded again as if he were simply going back to sleep.

What makes this peculiar scene work is the way it plays out the relationship between the two men in it. That relationship has developed not so much through confrontations between Clayton and Logan as through parallels Penn has drawn between them throughout the film. Seeing the two men in similar situations has invited a comparison from which we sense how different they are, and thus how great must be the antagonism between them. Their story is framed, for instance, by a pair of scenes in which each of them reacts to the sight of a dead man. The first occurs just after Clayton arrives at the ranch that has hired him as a regulator, the second just before Logan kills Clayton. In the first Clayton walks in on a wake for a ramrod killed by the rustlers. Lifting the corpse right out of the coffin, Clayton loudly berates the ranchers for having cost "this poor man" his life. In the second scene Logan finds an absent member of his gang whom Clayton has killed propped up in a coffin in the street with a sign, "Do you know this man?" Stunned, Logan hurries off without saying anything.

Clayton is, in other words, the sort of man who is given to gratuitous gestures, while Logan isn't given to gestures at all. Between a man who makes a great show of emotion over somebody he doesn't even know and one who conceals emotion over somebody he does, the difference would seem to be more than just a matter of style. It is a difference of substance, or perhaps lack of substance, since the implication is that Clayton really feels nothing for the dead man he's elegizing. The film bears out this notion that Clayton is a kind of grand emptiness, too. Logan himself realizes it in one of the two run-ins he has with Clayton before that scene where he kills him.

More than true confrontations, those two earlier meetings are part of that structure of parallel episodes I mentioned before. Taken together, they have about them that same quality of inverse proportion that the two scenes with dead men have. In the first scene Clayton makes another of his gratuitous gestures, while in the second Logan again refrains from gestures altogether. In the first scene Clayton takes Logan unawares at Logan's ranch one day and puts on an uninvited display of marksmanship, whizzing bullets at targets all around Logan to make him cringe from the line of fire. In the second scene Logan takes Clayton unawares in a bathtub after Clayton has killed the youngest member of Logan's gang. In contrast to the half dozen bullets scattered facilely around by Clayton, Logan fires only one, and that one with great reluctance. The result is that where Clayton is capable of hitting a rope or a fence post at twenty paces, Logan misses Clayton himself at point-blank range.

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In each of these scenes one of the men is sizing up the other, getting some insight into who the other is. When Clayton at the end of the first scene throws Logan the pistol saying there is one shot left, Logan replies that he doubts it. At this, suspicion that Logan is the rustler he's after dawns on Clayton. "You're smart," he observes. "Farmers ain't smart." If this represents the extent of Clayton's insight into Logan, however, Logan's into Clayton is superior. At the end of the second scene, when the shot he has fired into the bathtub has somehow missed Clayton, Logan bats aside a mound of soap suds and spits, "Look at you. You're not even there."

This is just it, of course: Clayton isn't there, and those suds are the perfect image of his insubstantiality. When he first arrives at the ranch he works for, the rancher's daughter sees two riderless ponies wander up to the house, and she gives a start when Clayton's head suddenly pops out of a pack slung over one pony's side. Like the emotions he expresses afterwards at the wake, Clayton himself doesn't seem to exist this first time we meet him. When Logan's bullet later misses him in the tub, his physical existence really does seem to have been thrown into doubt.

This being Clayton's nature, there is pure irony in Penn's having made Marlon Brando put on thirty or forty extra pounds to play the role. There is, for that matter, pure irony in Penn's having cast Brando as Clayton in the first place. Just as such a corpulent physique emphasizes Clayton's incorporeal nature, so too the presence of a legendary star on the screen seems to enhance the completely-protean, anonymous personality of the character he is playing. Speaking with a heavy Irish accent in one scene and with no accent at all in the next, Brando plays Clayton as a kind of ventriloquist's voice crying in the wilderness. For Logan's killing of Clayton to be so without flourish and posturing is completely appropriate to who Logan is. He is, as the whole film has shown, the opposite of Clayton. But for Clayton's dying to be such a non-event is completely appropriate as well—appropriate to the kind of dangerous non-being we have ultimately understood him to be.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

(The first of two parts)

ORWELL AND CATHOLICISM

JOHN P. ROSSI

WRITING IN THE *Catholic World* shortly after George Orwell's death, the critic and essayist Neville Braybrooke characterized Orwell's outlook as that of a moralist without religious faith. That this apt view should appear in a Catholic periodical is in some ways highly paradoxical. In the last years of his life Orwell's work, especially *Animal Farm* and *1984*, was lavishly praised in Catholic circles. This was in sharp contrast to Orwell's own largely negative views of Catholicism. A perusal of the four volumes of Orwell's *Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters* (edited by Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus) reveals a constant hostile attitude toward Catholicism. While it would not be quite right to characterize Orwell's attitude as an obsession with the evils of Catholicism, it is nonetheless true that he warred throughout his public career with Catholic influence and Catholic ideas.

To most observers Orwell's animosity toward Catholicism would derive from his Marxism, an ideology which was traditionally antithetical to any form of supernatural religion. Yet Orwell's distrust of Catholicism predates his formal embrace of Marxism. Writing to an old friend, Dennis Collings, in August 1931, some years before his acceptance of Socialism, Orwell told of visiting some Protestant Bible Society shops. In one he noted a sign: "The Douay version not stocked here." Orwell's reaction is revealing, and in some ways worthy of a nineteenth century fundamentalist foe of Catholicism: "Long may they fight, I say; so long as that spirit is in the land we are safe from the RCs."

This reaction, more typical of a Charles Kingsley than an urbane leftist, I think contains the key to understanding Orwell's attitude toward Catholicism. His outlook was in many ways closer to the English radical tradition of William Cobbett or William Hazlitt than to any of the great philosophical systems of the nineteenth or twentieth century. Orwell shared with this radical tradition a suspicion of power, authority and bureaucracy, themes which he developed so powerfully in *Animal Farm* and *1984*. To Orwell Catholicism was the personification of these evils which he feared so much. In particular, Orwell thought that Catholicism's danger lay in its ability to demand unquestioned obedience from its communicants. Like so many outsiders he

JOHN P. ROSSI *is chairman of the History Department at LaSalle College in Philadelphia.*

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overrated the monolithic quality of Catholicism and seriously underestimated Catholic internal differences on religious, political and social questions. He bitterly attacked Catholic writers who tried to expound upon or explain these differences. They were playing what Orwell called a "handy-pandy game" in which the more implausible Catholic doctrines, such as a belief in miracles or the Virgin birth, were to be explained away on the grounds that they either did not happen or no one believed them any more. George Orwell would have none of this.

Orwell also regarded Catholicism as a definite threat to freedom of speech. His insistence on speaking out when it was in danger was one of the reasons he became such an unreliable Socialist. He was never at ease toeing the party line on any given question. and this is why some of his sharpest criticism was directed at his fellow Socialists for their failing to uphold high standards of honesty. He did not expect anything along these lines from the Catholics, believing that their record proved they would squash differences of opinion whenever necessary. Considering the lamentable record of Catholicism along these lines, Orwell was correct. The role played by Catholics in supporting fascist movements throughout Europe confirmed his negative view. The Spanish civil war, in which Orwell passionately supported the republican cause, also added to his contempt for Catholicism. One of the main opponents of the Spanish Republic was the Catholic Church. While Orwell recognized that the Spanish situation was a complicated one, he still believed that it showed that the Catholic Church would always support the reactionary cause in any showdown. Later during the early stages of World War II he argued that many Catholics secretly hoped for a fascist victory. He did not elaborate on this assertion other than to say in one of his London Letters to the *Partisan Review* in 1941 that Catholics prominent in the Foreign Office and Consular Service were so anti-Communist as to be effectively pro-Fascist.

Orwell's dislike of Catholicism was further fueled by his own deep sense of patriotism, another major theme running through all his later work, both his fiction and his essays. From the days of "Bloody Mary," to be a Catholic was in some way to be anti-English. Whatever else he might have been, George Orwell was the very quintessence of everything English. His patriotism might also explain his antipathy to many of the English converts to Catholicism whom he accuses of forever having to justify themselves and their conversion. He seems at times to question their intellectual honesty, something not as noticeable in his comments about born Catholics. The latter he said were less ultramontane and more patriotic than the converts. He also believed that Catholic writers adopted a stance of moral superiority toward those who disagreed with them. This "Hebrew-like pride and exclusiveness of the genuine Catholic mind" Orwell found offensive.

Many of Orwell's observations about Catholicism were penetrating in their insight even when they occasionally were wrong-headed. For example, after the war he was convinced that Catholicism was now one of the main inspirations of reactionary thought in Europe and thus a great danger to democracy. This view seriously overestimated Catholic strength intellectually or politically and is ludicrous in light of the menace of Communism. What made Catholicism so dangerous to Orwell was its uncanny ability to survive and come to terms with differing political systems. He wrote in the *Partisan Review* in 1947 that if Catholicism "is allowed to survive as a powerful organization it will make the establishment of true Socialism impossible, because its influence is and always must be against freedom of thought and speech, against human equality, and against any form of society tending to promote earthly happiness." From this negative view Orwell never deviated.

What Orwell saw as the rigidity and dogmatism of Catholicism affronted his sense of decency. This led him often to lump Catholicism with Communism as ideologies dangerous to freedom and liberty. The same man who correctly called attention to the slavishness of his fellow leftists before Stalinist terror could also argue seriously that Catholicism was the most "conscious, logical, intelligent enemy that democracy has got in England . . ." This comparison of the tendencies of Catholicism and Communism was a constant one with Orwell. Both had strict hierarchies; "had their elites, their party faithful and both had strict rules for dealing with dissent or with heretics." What particularly irked him was the inclination of both systems to deny that any opponent could be both honest and intelligent. To Orwell, who was always fair to those who disagreed with him, this attitude was disgusting.

Orwell was doubtless correct in noting the tendency in certain Catholic apologetics to believe your opponent knows he is wrong and resists the truth out of selfish or stupid motives. This refusal to treat your opponent as honest Orwell found in the writings of Catholic apologists like Chesterton, Belloc, and even Monsignor Knox. He even carried this view one step further, noting a tendency among Catholic writers to give themselves all the good lines and all the witty retorts in their debates with Protestants and non-believers.

All this does not mean that Orwell was incapable of reacting positively to Catholicism. He praised certain Catholic writers, some quite lavishly. F. J. Sheed, Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh were writers whose work he deeply admired, even when he disagreed with them. For example, he was very impressed by Greene's abilities as a literary craftsman although he did not respond sympathetically to the religious overtones of novels like *The Power and the Glory* or *The Heart of the Matter.* As Michael Meyer has noted, Orwell had a blind spot where religion was con-

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cerned—he thought it an evasion of the world's problems. He bitterly attacked *The Heart of the Matter* in a review for the *New Yorker* in 1948 while still complimenting Greene on his literary gifts. To Orwell the whole novel was improbable. In particular he found the central idea of the novel that "it is better, spiritually higher, to be an erring Catholic than a virtuous pagan" preposterous. Orwell could not respond to Scobie's plight even though there was a touch of Scobie in his own creation of John Flory in *Burmese Days*. Both were painfully sensitive, ineffectual men who failed to solve their own problems and took their lives. Orwell could see no such similarity between the characters.

Orwell had noted that Catholics often make better novelists because they understand the tragic dimension of life better than their materialist contemporaries. Toward the end of his life, as tuberculosis ate away at his vitality, he was planning a long essay on Waugh and, in particular, on *Brideshead Revisited* which fascinated him. He made numerous references in his notebooks for the essay but never got around to writing it before his death in January 1950. What appealed to him about *Brideshead Revisited* as compared to other overtly Catholic novels was the fact that it was rooted in reality. In spite of what he considered certain improbabilities Orwell felt that the Catholic characters were believable and faced problems that one would meet in real life. Moreover, the Catholic characters did not move onto a different intellectual plane as soon as their religious beliefs entered the story.

One of his final notes on Waugh could well serve as a fitting epitaph for his own view of Catholicism. Being deeply offended by Waugh's snobbishness and the pat ending of *Brideshead Revisited* where the unconscious Lord Marchmain makes the sign of the cross before dying, Orwell wrote simply: "One cannot really be a Catholic & grown up."

BOOKS

SCRUTINIZING THE INSCRUTABLE

IVAN SANDERS

The Russians
HEDRICK SMITH
Quadrangle, $12.50

Russia: The People and the Power
ROBERT G. KAISER
Atheneum, $12.95

It is so easy to have misgivings about books written by journalists. Are such books—can they ever be—more than compendiums of sharp observations and predictable conclusions? Can a journalist's image of a country capture its soul? Are we ready for yet another attempt by nimble newspapermen stationed in Moscow to solve the "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma?" In his *Harper's* review George Feifer writes that "Smith and Kaiser's very diligence often depletes the atmosphere of Russian life." Which is true if we judge these books by standards not normally applied to popular nonfiction. But the very audacity of the two authors, their desire to explore every facet of Russian life, tempts us to apply those more rigorous standards. *The Russians* and *Russia: The People and the Power* may lack the intuitive insights, as well as the literary distinction, of classic portraits of nations, but more often than not, the results of several years of systematic, relentless probing of Russia compensates for an inability to evoke Russia.

Both Hendrick Smith and Robert Kaiser took up Russian and immersed themselves in the history and culture of the host country before assuming their posts. Yet they don't claim to be experts, not even after a three-year tenure in the Soviet capital. Their responses to the country are invariably those of inquisitive American visitors. At times they even betray the parochial reflexes of such visitors—Kaiser for instance looks in vain for "men in eyeshades and shirtsleeves shouting for a copyboy" in the editorial offices of *Pravda*: Smith is appalled by the "vile" tube cigarettes Nadezhda Mandelshtam, widow of the famed poet, chain-smokes. The two reporters can nevertheless be more flexible and receptive, rediscover old truths and enjoy ancient political jokes with greater relish, than veteran Russian-watchers.

One of these rediscovered truths is that we believe propaganda even when we know that's what it is. The Russians have been boasting for decades about the emergence of the hardworking, selfless "socialist man." Even visitors who ought to know better look for this new breed and discover that they exist only in pamphlets and posters. "The longer I stayed in Moscow, the less impressed I was by how Communist the country was and the more I thought how Russian it was," writes Hendrick Smith at the end of his book, realizing that the Russian people's dependence on iron-fisted rulers, their un-Western sense of justice, their system of privileges, their distrust of foreigners and fierce patriotism are the result of hundreds of years of historical conditioning which has simply been reinforced by Communist rule. Smith's many anecdotes about indolent

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laborers, bungling bureaucrats and corrupt officials prove just how patently false the propaganda image of the intrepid Soviet worker is. For both Smith and Kaiser there is something heartening about Soviet inefficiency and slovenliness; it's not that they are gleeful, only relieved that half a century of harsh regimentation and mind control has not produced a race of steely-eyed men and women bent on burying us. In fact, compared to Russians who are as uninhibited about their gruff manners as they are about their deepest emotions, it is we Westerners with our synthetic smiles and stern work ethic who seem conformist and soulless. Hendrick Smith has a nostalgic appreciation of a Russian lifestyle that is "less affected, less belittling, more human," while Robert Kaiser remarks that unpretentious meals in tiny Moscow flats were "usually more fun than any dinner party in Washington or London."

But what about Russia's industrial might, her supremacy in the sciences, her metamorphosis from slumbering giant to world power? Surely, bunglers and shirkers and soulful poetry-lovers couldn't have brought off all that. Our two reporters are particularly illuminating on what one of them calls the "Central Music School" approach to economic and cultural development. One of the great advantages of a planned economy, they note, is that it can channel vast human and material resources into top-priority projects and institutions (a number of research centers, music and ballet schools, hydroelectric plants and all military installations fall into this category), while many sectors of the economy, as well as the quality of daily life, remain well below the much-coveted "world standard." "The Soviet Union," writes Robert Kaiser, "has been first in space, first in tanks, far behind in computers and last in ladies' lingerie."

Even in areas they excel in, Russians often find it necessary to improvise. In the late fifties, when the whole world marveled at their space technology and the *New York Times* speculated that "the Soviet Union might be using some new form of rocket propellant unknown in the West," Russian scientists were actually using engineering sleights of hand to cover up for their lack of spage-age fuels. Soviet successes—be they in outer space, in a steel foundry or in a sports arena—are always aimed at impressing outsiders. Propagandists would have us believe that the drive toward excellence is sustained by faith in a superior social system; the real impetus, however, is the Russian people's formidable ethnocentrism which in turn masks an age-old sense of inferiority. Though convinced that there is something special about their country, Russians are ashamed to show half of it to foreigners. And for all their fervid patriotism and deep-seated xenophobia, they keep yearning for Western goods, Western know-how, and have nothing but contempt for Russian-made products. A man like Nikita Khrushchev baffled us because he was, in Kaiser's words, "proud yet fearful, boastful but timid, desperate for respect and admiration." But the description, we come to realize, fits many of Khrushchev's more temperate compatriots as well.

> *An outsider, particularly a foreigner from a richer land who is used to a richer existence, cannot easily grasp the essential quality of life in Russia . . . An ordinary Russian's notions about the dimensions of life, the possibilities of life, are not the same as ours. Russians who live in one-room flats and eat fresh meat no more than once a week, or perhaps not at all, who wear the same outfit for months on end and never dream of the material goods we take for granted, can nevertheless be proud and satisfied. Proud because they know how much life has improved since the 1930s and 1940s. Satisfied perhaps not because they are completely comfortable and content, but because they sense that it would be foolish to hope for much more. So they cope. "We're living well," Russians say repeatedly.*
>
> —Russia: The People and the Power

Curiously enough, these books on Russia indirectly raise questions about our own values and freedoms. Other reviewers have already commented on the close resemblance between Smith's and Kaiser's books. (The editors of the *New York Times Book Review* tell us that *both* authors were vying for the title *The Russians.*) A certain amount of overlapping was inevitable, of course; after all, Hedrick Smith, Moscow bureau chief of the *New York Times*, and Robert Kaiser, correspondent of the *Washington Post*, were stationed in the Soviet capital during the same years, covering the same events, talking to many of the same people, dodging the same secret police, bickering with the same bureaucrats. But what is startling and often disturbing is that many of their reactions and value-judgments—on the dissident movement, central planning, Soviet officialdom, détente, etc.—also tend to be the same. Indeed, one can't help feeling after a while that two young American journalists today are bound to have the same opinions on Russia; that our culture with its subtler means of persuasion is as capable of producing intellectual uniformity as a society that defines propaganda as "the spreading and profound explanation of some ideas, theory or knowledge." One of the things that makes an American's life radically different from a Russian's, writes Kaiser confidently, is "the opportunity to change jobs, change careers, change political affiliations, drop out or move on." One wonders.

Yet occasional naive formulations do not necessarily detract from the value of these highly informative, workmanlike books which for all their puzzling duplications reveal significant differences in approach. Of the two authors Smith is evidently the more assiduous note-taker and conversation-recorder. He has interviewed hundreds of people and transcribed, it seems, every word they said. The amassed material

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is impressive even if one does grow weary of all those "keen-eyed" intellects, and women biologists with "classic Slavic features." Kaiser is less precise, less organized, but often more reflective. Both of them are at their best when relating their personal impressions of leading dissidents. Interestingly, their view of these men differs considerably from the image conveyed by their newspapers—Andrei Sakharov comes across as a timid, absent-minded, kindly soul, Solzhenitsyn as a tyrant. In rare moments the two journalists become part of the world they are observing. When Hedrick Smith is actually shocked to hear some Moscow youths teasing the guards at the Lenin Mausoleum, or is exhilarated by the mildly anti-establishment poetry of Andrei Voznesensky; when Robert Kaiser begins to understand how an enlightened Moscow intellectual could believe in spiritualism, we know they are in tune with Russia.

The Realms of Gold

MARGARET DRABBLE

Knopf, $8.95

GERARD REEDY

The Realms of Gold, Margaret Drabble's seventh novel in twelve years, concerns the Ollerenshaw family.

Frances Ollerenshaw Wingate is the chief character but not the only consciousness through which the events reach us; her cousins Janet Ollerenshaw Bird and David, a geologist, her brother Hugh, and his son Stephen, and her grand-aunt Connie also lend, in one way or other, their points of view. The main plotline traces the divorced Frances Wingate's separation from and reconciliation with her lover, Karel Schmidt. Janet Bird's unhappy marriage is also brilliantly anatomized. Late in the novel Aunt Connie's death by starvation brings the main characters together. Frances herself is a worldly, successful archaeologist, whose travels to the Mediterranean and Central Africa bring the action away from the London/north of London symbolic geography that is Drabble's usual and, even here, most comfortable moral terrain.

Modern Atreidae, the Ollerenshaws labor under a family curse, "some incurable and ratlike family disease." In previous novels a narrow-minded mum or dad up North frequently influences the Drabble heroine's London conduct. *The Realms of Gold* stretches the hereditary canvas to show a "Midlands sickness" effecting, on Frances' side of the family alone, five generations of Ollerenshaws. In Janet Bird the sickness takes shape in nagging domestic anxieties—we have seen them before in Drabble—about what to serve for the guests and how to avoid sex with husband Mark. Brother Hugh has made a compromise with the family curse, "at some cost to his liver." Frances suffers from somewhat more clinical and frightening mood-swings, the down side of which is explored in the long, extraordinary opening panel of the novel. Nephew Stephen follows Alice, Frances' sister, to self-destruction. However dimly outlined in its essence, the family sickness in its varied operations is the basic action imitated in *The Realms of Gold*, more or less binding the travels, personalities, and narratives of the principals into an intelligible pattern.

Although Frances Wingate dominates the fifty-six long and short panels which make up the novel, Drabble continues to distance herself from the single, female, first-person center of consciousness she perfected in *The Millstone* (1965), her third novel. In her next three, ending in *The Needle's Eye* (1972), she developed graceful, third-person entrance into a multiplicity of conscious centers. *The Realms of Gold* furthers this narrative mode and moves towards a tighter unity: the family curse colors not only the events but also the individual Ollerenshaw reflectors of those events. One of the greater pleasures in starting any new Drabble novel is to note the new technical problems she continually creates for herself. She refuses to repeat even the successful format. I feel that the present novel begins rather than perfects a cycle of self-upmanship. Especially in the second third of the novel, the jumping back and forth from the minds of Frances to Janet to David calls too much attention to itself, however it explores the Ollerenshaw curse. Comfy, authorial intrusions do not satisfy this reader's marginal question in these pages: where is this novel going? "I do not care very much for the plots myself," writes Rosamund Stacey in *The Millstone*, "but I do like to have a sequence of events." Ironically, *The Millstone* is the most rigorously plotted of the novels; the story of a pregnancy rather forces any novelist into an observable beginning, middle and end.

The Realms of Gold continues to explore the individual consciousness of anxiety that is Drabble's special matter. Some of the explorations here strike me as isolated excursions. However they allude to the whole, they fail as episodes in a progressive sequence. Perhaps an awareness of intermittent wandering prompted Drabble to insert repetitive images into the work—octopuses, teeth, frogs, ditches, seeds, volcanoes. These unify the novel in an extrinsic sort of way; their symbolism, i.e., the insight they offer into the whole, eludes me.

Like *The Needle's Eye*, *The Realms of Gold* ends in a kind of denial of the quest for self-knowledge, which, in the case of Stephen Ollerenshaw, has been self-destructive. At the end Stephen takes his infant daughter off to the cold woods and dies. Unlike the other characters—especially David, who, Drabble notes, is especially impenetrable—Stephen has thought life through. "The revelation was one of extreme simplicity. . . . It was better to be dead than alive. . . . Being alive was sordid, degrading, sickly, unimaginable: to struggle on through another fifty years, tormented by fear and guilt and sorrow, was a fate nobody should ever embrace." Since nothing about Drabble's work suggests "extreme simplicity," the reader expects that Stephen will not have the last word.

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No character offers a rationalization, to counter Stephen's, to go on living. It is simply done, mature people do it, and the moral effort brings some degree of happiness. If Janet's marriage remains awful, she has still had a nice dinner out with her cousins, and new friendships seem to be emerging. Frances is crushed by the death of Stephen, her favorite, but she endures with Karel's help. In the future there are new marriages, even a hint of more of the Ollerenshaw saga. "Human nature is truly impenetrable," muses Frances at the end. Both this novel and *The Needle's Eye* end in contemplation of hard, opaque, ill-formed objects: a broken stone lion, a dessert glass David gives Frances and Karel for their wedding, a block of "smoky quartz" on David's mantle. The glass is "weathered"; the lion has "weathered into identity." The very unintelligibility of the objects, which have yet endured, lends a cold comfort. For Frances, David's glass "seemed an appropriate gift." One ought not to expect too much understanding; one expects to be weathered by life, by good winds and bad. One shuffles and squeezes through the needle's eye, but not to the kingdom of heaven. One learns to smile even at one's own expectations that there is some psychic or material real of gold. "Invent a more suitable ending," Drabble writes, "if you can."

When I recently taught a Drabble novel, several of my students perceived overtones of "existentialism." Recent critical comment has also suggested "Calvinism" as an apt category in which to examine her work. I doubt the usefulness of either term. If one needs an ism for Drabble, let it be "empiricism." Her heroines habitually have good memories and a "passion for facts." As Emma Evans says in *The Garrick Year*, "I know that realism is not all, but to me it is all, and anything that does not seem to be dredged up from a fleshly occurrence leaves me undisturbed." This seems to be the feeling of the author also. While "nature," human and otherwise, is talked about a good deal in *The Realms of Gold*, it is, again, accepted in its variety, not understood; explored and put in communicable order, but not abstracted. Drabble fits very well into a venerable tradition of British empiricism, high on gathering the evidence, low on speculation. While this tradition, internalized in a novel, lends itself well to a strong sense of "fleshly occurrence," it does preclude certain kinds of tidy structures and endings. As for religion, Drabble uses the biblical titles of several of her novels ironically: there is no superstructure behind experience here, no master plan to give meaning to the whole.

Some verbal valium of a more suitable ending would, presumably, fail to allay the complex anxieties Drabble presents. These are real, frightening as well as familiar, endemic to our culture, brilliantly dissected and presented in good prose. Drabble need not attempt to cure what her and our society has not. She is the novelist *par excellence* of contemporary anxiety.

Catholics Schools in a Declining Church

ANDREW GREELEY,
WILLIAM C. McCREADY,
KATHLEEN McCOURT

Sheed & Ward, $15

GEORGE ELFORD

Once again Andrew Greeley and his NORC colleagues have made an important contribution to the church and Catholic education in the area of empirical research where contributions are sorely needed. One can only hope that this major study receives far more attention than Greeley himself seems to anticipate. The study's importance extends beyond the findings themselves to include several large questions raised by the study.

In this study, which replicates a 1963 study (*The Education of Catholic Americans*), Greeley and company examine the changes in the impact of Catholic schools after a decade marked by unusual turbulence within the American Church, which Greeley describes, on the bases of various indices (Mass attendance, contributions, acceptance of authority, etc.), as a "Declining Church." Before taking up educational questions, Greeley makes a compelling case that the 1968 papal encyclical on birth control (*Humanae Vitae*) was an unmitigated disaster and the chief single cause of decline in the American Church. Greeley found that the positive dynamic created by the Second Vatican Council was to a large extent wiped out by the encyclical which was seen as a betrayal of realistic hopes and expectations. Greeley was the first to study the emerging generation of Catholics who were confronted with both *Humanae Vitae* and Vietnam. The answers he found are not surprising.

The chief finding of this study is that, withal, those who went to Catholic schools came through the turbulence in better shape as Catholics than their public school/CCD counterparts. In fact, in 1974, Catholic education was one of the most important predictors of religious behavior, ahead of parental religiousness and second only to religiousness of spouse. The message of this study is that Catholic schools are more important today than they were in 1963.

The decline in Catholic schooling Greeley considers to be the result chiefly of a decision in the 1960's by churchmen not to build Catholic schools to serve new suburban parishes. The chief reason for non-attendance was "unavailability of Catholic schools." "Unavailability" might well prove to be a rather complex term involving geographical distance, costs, value choices, etc. The matter deserves further study. In those decisions not to build Catholic schools—the unavailability of religious and the unwillingness of religious communities to commit themselves to the staffing of new schools played perhaps the deciding role. Any effort to expand Catholic schooling today must include the willingness to accept lay-staffed Catholic schools. A 1974 NCEA study showed that all lay schools met the test of feasibility. The future of Catholic

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schools is tied in part to the financial resources of the Church. Greeley reported a decline in church income—9 percent in ten years in the face of a 34-percent increase in the number of Catholic families. This decline, which cost the Church 1.8 billion dollars in 1974, was largely the result of the *Humanae Vitae* disaster. Greeley reports a willingness on the part of Catholics to give more for Catholic schools. This merits further attention.

Several large questions are raised by this study—the question of the definition and purposes of Catholic education, the question of doctrinal pluralism in education, and the question of how the Church's decision-making relates to the concern of reflective Catholics—the "sensus fidelium."

In this study of Catholic schools ten years later, Greeley offers two formulations of the purposes of Catholic education. The first formulation, universally held in the early 1960s, describes the purposes of Catholic education to be that of maintaining and promoting Church involvement, transmitting the Church's ethical values and doctrinal knowledge, sustaining the Church's basic world-view and developing an acceptable kind of loyalty to the Church. The 1963 study showed Catholic schools to be effective on nearly all of these counts. Ten years later, the schools were noticeably less effective in terms of these purposes. Greeley, however, offers some evidence that in 1974 Catholic schools were effective in terms of a distinctively new though not altogether different formulation of purposes. Catholic schools were producing a new kind of Catholic—better suited to the times. To do this, Catholic school purposes were conceived in terms of a more nuanced involvement with the Church, more sophisticated and subtle values, more elaborate and less rigid knowledge, a restated and more appropriate world-view, more enlightened social and racial values, and a more discriminating loyalty to the Church. NCEA studies in the early 1970s showed "Catholic school" to be the name of no one thing. Catholic school purposes, as embodied in school practices, varied widely. Has the definition of Catholic education in fact quietly—bit by bit—been reformulated in this past decade? If so, can and should this reformulation be made explicit—in effect, documented to provide a guide for Catholic educators today?

Any reformulation of purposes is not free from difficulty. Can school curricula and teaching be directed toward the new and more realistic formulation of purpose—when the official Church still holds to the earlier formulation? How can schools keep when the official Roman position and the working consensus of the believing community are clearly at odds in important areas? In this survey of Catholic adults, Greeley documents the large scale abandonment of "sexual orthodoxy" which includes the official Roman position on birth control, divorce and pre-marital sex. Must Catholic teachers stand silent on these important issues—or be constrained simply to repeat official positions which few find believable? Are Catholic teachers free to formulate—in the light of day—a "state of the question" approach on controversial issues—an approach which presents for the guidance of the young several positions which include the collective wisdom of reflective Catholics and other Christians along with the official positions? In short, can Catholic schools *openly* embrace a responsible kind of doctrinal pluralism?

Finally, there is the question of how seriously the Church listens to the laity. Greeley raises the question at two levels—the absence of Church-funded research involving the views of the laity and the absence of any effective two-way communication between Rome and the rest of the Church. Failure to listen in the first instance led, in Greeley's view, to some debatable decisions in educational planning; failure to listen in the second instance led to the disastrous encyclical on birth control. Ironically, while the Greeley study was on the presses, Rome presented the world with yet another pronouncement on sexual orthodoxy.

"The birth control encyclical, paradoxically enough, was issued to restore faith in the institution, but in fact badly weakened it. It did not prevent Catholics from practicing birth control, and it did not stop the erosion of support for the church's birth control teaching either among the clergy or the laity. . . . A religious institution which could be so patently wrong on such a critical issue was judged to be wrong, or at least questionable, on a wide range of other, related issues."

REVIEWERS

IVAN SANDERS is an associate professor of English at Suffolk County Community College in Selden, New York.

FATHER GERARD REEDY, S.J., teaches in the English Department at Fordham.

GEORGE ELFORD is director of the Northeastern Regional Office of Educational Testing Services.

WILLIAM E. MAY, author of *Becoming Human: An Invitation to Christian Ethics* (Pflaum), teaches theology at Catholic University.

HARRIET KRIEGEL recently completed a short film, *Domestic Tranquillity*, for Women Make Movies, Inc., and edited an anthology, *Women in Drama* (New American Library).

EDWIN DIAMOND writes for *New York* Magazine.

Contemporary Medical Ethics

JOHN F. DEDEK

Sheed & Ward, $7.95

WILLIAM E. MAY

In a relatively brief book Dedek, who recently moved from St. Mary of the Lake Seminary in Illinois to Catholic University, covers a wide range of issues in contemporary medical ethics. He has organized the material into four parts: the human body, human sexuality, human life, and the human mind. Under the first category he takes up the questions posed by developments in surgery, organ trans-

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plantation, and human experimentation. Under the second he considers contraception and sterilization, transsexualism and homosexuality, and genetic manipulation, giving greater attention to artificial insemination than to any other topic under the final heading. Under the third rubric he considers abortion and euthanasia, while under the fourth he discusses psychosurgery and behavior control.

In taking up these issues Dedek's customary procedure is first to sketch the state of the art and the nature of the moral dilemmas, at times quite agonizing, raised by the possibilities created by scientific and technological developments. He then surveys ethical positions pertaining to the questions posed, beginning, when possible, with those taken by the magisterium and by such earlier Catholic medical ethicists as McFadden and Healy, and following this with a synopsis of the stands taken by such contemporary authors as Häring, Curran, Ramsey, McCormick, Fletcher, and Fuchs. Thus readers are given concise yet informative accounts of the debates going on among leading authorities in the field of medical ethics and some insight into the reasons behind their differing judgments. He ordinarily concludes by advancing his own tentative position. Quite frequently Dedek's survey of a question and its historical development is very illuminating; this is perhaps particularly true of his discussion of the distinction between "ordinary" and "extraordinary" or, perhaps better, "obligatory" and "elective" means for preserving life, a subject that he discusses at length in the chapters on surgery and on euthanasia.

Although he does not provide a systematic account of the ethical methodology that he believes is proper for verifying moral judgments, Dedek makes it clear in his discussion of specific issues that he agrees with the methodology developed by Bruno Schüller in Germany (and elaborated in detail by Richard McCormick in this country). According to this methodology the fundamental ethical principle is that a proportionate reason or a greater, higher good is sufficient to justify the doing of "premoral" or "nonmoral" evil. According to this principle an act that does harm or brings about evil, for example mutilation, death, deception, is not "morally evil" and hence permissible provided that a good of proportionate value is at stake that can serve as a justifying reason. It is to be noted that on this view the existence of a proportionate reason *alone* is required in order to justify a deed that does harm or brings about evil. This methodology, quite dominant in contemporary Catholic moral theology, is properly a species of consequentialism, something that McCormick clearly acknowledges, although it is a subject that Dedek himself does not formally address.

The advocates of this type of consequentialism believe that it steers a course midway between the cost-analysis utilitarian type of calculating consequentialism of Joseph Fletcher and the more rigorous deontological approach common to older Catholic moralists, an approach that Dedek and many contemporaries reproach for being blinded by a physicalistic understanding of the natural law.

With this as his basic approach, it is no surprise to find that Dedek is willing tentatively to justify contraception and sterilization, homosexual behavior and artificial insemination by a donor. He admits that these deeds are disvalues, premoral evils, and acknowledges that in most instances there is no higher good that can serve as a proportionate reason for permitting artificial insemination by a donor, for instance; yet he argues that situations can and do exist in which these types of activities can indeed be justified on the grounds of a higher value that serves as a proportionate reason.

This is not the place to argue the merits of this methodology. It should be noted, however, that it is open to serious challenge, and that Germain Grisez and Paul Ramsey are perhaps the writers offering this methodology

25 years later, a new view of the forces that led to the infamous McCarthy era

Many theories have emerged since the 1950s to explain Joseph R. McCarthy's astounding stranglehold on our nation. Some credit McCarthy the man, others blame Truman's loyalty-security measures and cold-war politics. Now, Richard Fried contends that McCarthyism was generated largely within the Republican party and that the notorious Red-baiter was himself used by the GOP to combat Democratic authority and national influence. In relating the rise and fall of McCarthy to the actions and tactics of his political enemies, Fried has provided many valuable and perceptive insights that add to our understanding of partisan politics. "Exceptional breadth and detail on the politics of the 1950-54 period." —*The Kirkus Reviews*

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its most serious challenge today.

Yet Dedek's work is not intended to be a systematic presentation of this approach and an application of it to contemporary medical ethics. It is rather intended to give readers a solid introduction to the major questions in medical ethics today, the dilemmas posed by scientific developments, and the terrible complexity of those problems. His work is a sensitive account of these issues, one that is well informed, irenic and reasonable in its approach. Yet I think that Dedek does not sufficiently probe the depths of the issues with which he is concerned. For instance, I believe that he justifies far too easily non-therapeutic experiments involving no risks on children. The presence or absence of risks in an experiment done to a human being who cannot consent of himself to participation in the experiment is not, I suggest, the crucial ethical issue. Yet this is something that Dedek does not even take up for consideration. One misses in Dedek the depth that is to be found, for instance, in the work of Paul Ramsey on this topic.

Despite some of my dissatisfactions with the book, it is one that merits wide readership insofar as it is very comprehensive in scope, usually informative, and quite stimulating intellectually. Its modesty and sensitivity to the feelings of people and its respect for the complexity of the topics taken up are also in its favor. One hopes that the author will continue his investigations in this field and in the future deal at greater depth with some of the basic human questions posed by contemporary biomedical and behavioral technologies.

Crazy Salad

NORA EPHRON

Knopf, $7.95

HARRIET KRIEGEL

"And my girl friends, the ones with nice big breasts, would go on endlessly about how their lives had been far more miserable than mine. . . . They had a terrible time of it, they assure me. I don't know how lucky I was, they say.

I have thought about their remarks, tried to put myself in their place, considered their point of view. I think they are full of shit."

—last lines of "A Few Words About Breasts" from *Crazy Salad*.

It is easy to imagine the delighted guffaws from the *Esquire* audience. A line perfectly attuned to its audience from a feminist most admirably suited to *Esquire*. (Most of the pieces in *Crazy Salad* originally appeared in *Esquire* or *New York* Magazine.)

Not disposed to educate or alienate her audience, Ms. Ephron can't believe that beautiful women or women with breasts have anything to complain about. "If there is anything more boring to me than the problems of big-busted women, it is the problems of beautiful women." This implies, of course, that only plain women earn the right to question a sexist society—presumably because they are less readily accepted by it. Ephron's audience can, no doubt, speak with some authority here. Unfortunately, Ms. Ephron herself never asks why beauty is such an important commodity in this society and fails to recognize that when ludicrous physical standards are created, we all become losers—plain, ugly *and* beautiful.

Nor does she feel sympathy with mothers and housewives; she confesses to voluptuous fantasies about rape. Nevertheless, Nora Ephron assures us that she is committed to the women's movement and possesses a most empathetic personality. In *Crazy Salad* it is difficult to find evidence of either. But what is most disturbing about this book and its critical reception from other feminists is its display of feminine self-hatred.

The women in her consciousness-raising group are "settled into a running soap opera." Are male self-help groups better? The lives of single girls in New York are "B novel" material. Do the lives of single men merit a higher rating? Since Ephron agrees that they don't why make the difficulties of women inconsequential? Are men any less contentious at political conventions than the women she describes at the National Women's Political Cauc ˆ Why is Betty Friedan given so much derisive attention, when George McGovern, the recipient of strong feminist support, ultimately betrayed the woman's movement in 1972? And is the point of "A Star is Born" that Nora Ephron, rather than Sally Quinn, should have been CBS's answer to Barbara Walters? Cattiness is a particularly expensive commodity in a feminist. She attacks the style in which Jan Morris writes about her sex change operation as one which "makes the style of Victorian women novelists seem spare." What novelists? George Eliot? Elizabeth Gaskell? Charlotte Brontë? Compare any of these styles to, say, that of a George Meredith. Victorian verbosity was never defined by sex.

To be fair, Ephron recognizes that fundamental changes in ourselves are required before relationships between men and women can be improved, even to the point of altering our basic fantasies. "Vaginal Politics," on health care for women, is eminently worth reading, as is "Dealing with the, uh, Problem," an essay about vaginal sprays. "Truth and Consequences" stresses the importance of overcoming one's political prejudices and reporting and accepting unpleasant truths. And she is correct about the potential dangers of consciousness-raising groups.

But the truth is that Nora Ephron refuses to take women seriously. Take her essay, "Baking Off," on the Pillsbury contest. She never uses her skill to probe these women. She prefers, rather, to quote the silliest member of the lot. She does not ask why some women find it imperative to enter the Pillsbury contest or why they struggle to be "super" homemakers. Unable to understand that many women honestly enjoy the homemaker role, she never questions their isolation from the women's movement.

One wishes she had addressed herself to the problem of why so many women for whom this movement is os-

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tensibly intended feel so alienated from it. "In the women's movement, to be called the mother of anything is rarely a compliment." More's the pity, for this is exactly where the movement is at its weakest. When a woman chooses to take on motherhood, is it incumbent upon her to give up personhood, even by those who claim greatest sympathy for her position?

Nor does Ephron deal with the obvious profitability of sexism. She's too busy scoring points off those Pillsbury ladies. Sexism is not endemic to capitalism, but it certainly hasn't hurt merchandising. Two products in the place of one becomes the rule: male and female razors, bikes, shaving creams, deodorants.

Unable to "understand any woman's wanting to be the first woman to do anything," Nora Ephron treads too many well-worn grooves: Julie Nixon Eisenhower, Rosemary Woods, one more negative comment about women in Israel. We have all been there before. But Ms. Ephron is not in business to tell her audience anything it does not wish to hear. After all, there are men lurking in those *Esquire* bushes.

We're Going to Make You a Star

SALLY QUINN

Simon and Schuster, $7.95

CBS: Reflections in a Bloodshot Eye

ROBERT METZ

Playboy Press, $13.50

EDWIN DIAMOND

I think Richard Nixon, more than anyone, put CBS on the map of the American psyche. CBS, of course, has been around since the late 1920s; it is an enormously successful corporation (profits of $91,000,000 in the last year). In the radio years, CBS was the network of such popular stars as Jack Benny, Kate Smith and Bing Crosby. Edward R. Murrow and Elmer Davis, before him, gave broadcast journalism its first professional stamp of authority. At the height of the Vietnam agony, CBS News' Walter Cronkite was adjudged the most trusted man in America. But it wasn't until the Nixon White House took out after the Big Media that CBS became *personified*. When tough, clean-eyed, competent Dan Rather would get up to ask Richard Nixon a hard question, both the audience and the President knew who Rather was. He was CBS.

It was an attractive video image. Coupled, in the public mind, with the diligent sapper's work done by Woodward and Bernstein of the *Washington Post*, Rather's stingers helped weaken the exposed flanks of the Nixon White House fortress. His performances raised the press high in the public esteem, when the full extent of the Nixon trickery was revealed.

But nobody's perfect. The Rather-Nixon showdowns at the O.K. Corral of the televised presidential news conference were once-in-a-decade events; they are no more typical of the "real" CBS than the Woodstein investigations are of daily journalism. These two books are intended to show the true side of the CBS personality. It is not a very pretty picture; in some ways CBS can be as unpleasant a place as the White House— arrogant leaders, conniving department heads, the sail-trimmers, the bottom-line worshippers and all the rest.

Robert Metz, a *New York Times*-man, has written a long and intermittently interesting history of CBS dating back to the decision of a wealthy young Philadelphian named William S. Paley to invest some of his family's cigar-business money in a limping venture called radio broadcasting. Sally Quinn, a *Washington Post* feature writer, has a much more limited story to tell: her four months as an anchorwoman on the CBS Morning News in the fall and winter of 1973. Metz is thorough, with names, dates, facts and anecdotes about every phase of CBS's corporate, news, and entertainment operations. He has interviewed scores of people and read every word written on the subject. It is a workmanlike job.

Quinn, on the other hand, has done no research. She gives us a whining, account of her wretched television "career." CBS hires her to "knock off" NBC's Barbara Walters, and the Today Show, in the Holy Neilsen ratings. But she has absolutely zero broadcast experience and a snotty personality to match. Nobody tells her what to wear, how to do her hair, how to write or speak for television, or even where to look when the camera is on (she claims not to have known that the "little red light" means the camera is working). Worse, she is promoted as a "sex bomb," despite her bleached hair and Vassar lockjaw speech. The first day one thing is perfectly clear: she is a disaster on camera.

Quinn comes through in her own pages as an unattractive, egotistical, modestly talented debutante journalist. Yet we devour every word of it. And, ultimately, we learn more about CBS from Quinn's account than from Metz's, or any number of other "objective" narratives (including Dan

Social Service Workers

The UNITED FARM WORKERS UNION began, in the early sixties, by operating social service centers for farm workers and their families. Since then, these "Campesino Centers" have been taken over by the Martin Luther King Farm Workers Fund, a charitable, non-profit trust fund established under the UFW collective bargaining agreements. The Campesino Centers need workers in rural areas of California, Arizona and Florida.

These centers provide lay advocacy and social services for farm workers and their families. The work includes helping people with unemployment, disability, social security, welfare and immigration claims. It involves working with community agencies to help provide better service. Major skills required are the ability to work and communicate with farm workers and to organize ideas, time and paperwork. The ability to speak Spanish is highly desirable. The work is challenging and demands a lot of hardwork and discipline. Interested people should contact: Roberto Ybarra, Martin Luther King Campesino Center, P.O. Box 150, La Paz, Keene, Calif. 93531.

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Rather's own book). One reason it that Quinn is not working "objectively." She is working in another literary tradition. Quinn succeeds in giving us the feel of the "real" CBS because she was there—and simply and uninhibitedly put down everything "zingy" that happened. No amount of research, even by a professional like Metz, can recreate that sensation of being *inside* the CBS corporate whale. And so we lap up Quinn's story because we are made to half believe "And that's the way it is"—and not the way Walter Cronkite might tell it—behind scenes at CBS. Quinn offers no large insights about "the media" but instead bitchy little "items." In an earlier day of the Walter Winchells and Hedda Hoppers, this was known as "gent's room journalism" (with a small research grant, someone might be able to trace the form back to Addison and Steele). Now it has moved from Broadway and Hollywood to the real centers of power. It is "Kissinger-and-Tell journalism."

With Quinn's book, and others like it (such as Barney Collier's), Kissinger-and-Tell journalism has been extended to include the media stars themselves—journalist celebrities all but indistinguishable from the show biz and political celebrities they cover. If "the people" have "a right to know" the inside story about Sonny and Cher—or Dr. Kissinger—then why not about Mike Wallace or Ben Bradlee or Sally Quinn? Watergate, and similar media events, have already made them "stars."

Naturally, then, Quinn gives us star material, she tells us about her sex life and her drinking habits and her acne. Naturally, the book begins with a grabber—Quinn seeking out the actor Warren Beatty—her "friend," she once interviewed him for the *Post*—for career advice in his Beverly Hills Hotel room. It is one indication where post-Watergate journalism is going.

The Quinn book can be mined for more than titillation. The notion that the network news is constantly being stunted by political ideologies of the other *capos* of the Nixon gang. Quinn offers one good corrective to such Right Think. She shows, to be sure inadvertently, how "the news" is shaped by non-news factors: the kind of night's sleep the writer got, one or another communications breakdowns along the line, the infighting among news executives, the quantity of film available, what the "opposition" may be doing, the amount of air time journalist A got compared to journalist B last week. Given all the big egos that have to be massaged and all the elaborate corporate games that have to be be played out, the wonder is that the network news,—morning, noon and night—turns out to be as well done as it is. Of course, if less time and energy were spent on office intrigue and backbiting and more went into the production, then the whole output of CBS—and the other major news retailers—would be measurably better. With some cooperation, good will and team work, in fact, the CBS News crew could have made a broadcast journalist out of Sally Quinn. She was, you see, already a star.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 387*)

saw current policies as the tragic betrayal of America's best hopes through a cold war stance: a search for regional stability which denied popularist hopes, support for anti-Communist regimes, and the bolstering of elites prepared to maintain the arena for American corporate interests.

I suspect there is a latent issue in this analysis which needs to be made explicit as it has far-reaching implications for our foreign policy around the globe. U.S. corporate interests are being challenged by nationalist movements throughout the third world. These popularist movements have strong socialist orientations, seeking growth and the redistribution of resources as opposed to the current reality of polarizing class interests. Although socialist, they are not the results of a Soviet or Chinese plot; although these powers fish in troubled waters. Rather, these movements arise as the consequence of egalitarian hopes encountering harsh injustices. As such they will continue to coalesce into a massive anti-American bloc if the U.S. continues to support their oppressors. Moreover, they cannot indefinitely be subdued by 'trickle down' effects engineered by Western technology applied through expatriate corporations in alliance with local capitalist elites.

In such a context the U.S. must abandon its latent and frustrated egalitarianism, and continue to support class elites, as in Southern Africa, or prepare to trade with more or less socialist economic orders within which western corporations can supply investment and technology on a contractual basis of limited duration. Such a radical change in foreign policy implies the gradual but determined confining of American capitalism to America, and the freeing of U.S. foreign policy for the support of popularist forces abroad. We cannot have it both ways. We can continue to export capitalism and give up on democracy. Alternatively, we can encourage popularist movements and recognize that our economic history is not for export. This is the latent issue in Southern Africa, and it will not be faced until the U.S. political process develops the muscle to restrain the

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corporate giants in the interests of democracy and egalitarian hopes both here and abroad.

PETER WALSHE
Director, African Studies
University of Notre Dame

"Right-to-Life"

Columbus, Ohio

To the Editors: Your lead editorial in the issue of Feb. 27 came pretty close to opposing the "Right to Life" amendment to the Constitution. I hope that things will develop so that you may feel able to make that opposition explicit.

As a Methodist, I am aware of the dangers inherent in an effort to impose upon everyone a standard of behavior which the proponents cannot persuade their own constituency to adopt voluntarily. For some time, the hierarchy of our church was convinced that the ingestion of alcohol was a sin, but the rank and file paid little attention. So, by various sorts of pressures, the country was persuaded to adopt the 18th Amendment to the Constitution. The results, which I shan't belabor, are well known.

The parallel between "Prohibition" and "Right to Life" is too pat to be ignored. The Catholic hierarchy is convinced, especially since the Supreme Court decision, that control over the rank and file is no longer easily attainable. So, like the frustrated Methodist powers, the Catholic powers, again using various sorts of pressures and emotional appeals, are trying to compel everybody, Catholic or not, to be bound by their concept of the ethical principles involved.

May I suggest that, if adopted, "Right to Life" would have the same sordid outcome as "Prohibition" had. I sincerely hope that, ultimately, the Catholic hierarchy will see the similarity, cease their advocacy of the "Right to Life" amendment, and double or redouble their efforts of persuasion, towards their constituency and towards everyone else.

You will note that I neither advocate nor oppose "abortion on demand." I will insist on the right, or even the duty, of the bishops (some of whom are my dear friends) to try to persuade Catholics and others not to have abortions. But I also insist that a campaign to compel everybody in the country to be forced into their concept of morality is not only stupid but, in the long run, must fail.

EDWARD H. LAYLIN

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

efforts feed the unquenchable appetite for gossip. What I can't understand is why our free-wheeling contemporaries find this kind of gossip so titillating. Neither do they, I suppose—otherwise they wouldn't go to such lengths to find other names for it.

Someone has written that the tiresome and stereotyping psychologizing of our age is a substitute for intuition and insight when we are confronted by other human beings. In an age in which we are all "communalized" in age groups and socio-economic groups, we are unused to, and unable to cope imaginatively with, the variety and the manifold expressions of the universals in human nature. Hence, we pick endlessly over the particulars of human conduct. We examine each life brought to our attention by fame or celebrity as if that life shared in no common human nature. We seem to be living in some pre-literate age before the birth of epic or tragedy, unable to cope with *hubris*, to summon compassion, see pathos, or experience catharsis.

There is an ordering possible even to gossip. When, at eighteen, I went to work on the weekly newspaper in the little town where I was born, I felt that I had been admitted to the adult world. River towns are notoriously tolerant towns with long memories, and ours was no exception. Virtue there was a matter of conscious choice, not the result of the imposition of convention. Admission to the adult world was admission to the realm of "everybody knows" and what everybody knew was the evidences in that town of the ills and weaknesses the flesh is heir to, that even the most respected are capable of villainies, and that the unwary can well find themselves victimized—in short, everyone knew the myriad possibilities of the results of original sin. The information was exchanged, yes, but it was not news—to anyone. And, yet, we were left able to believe in the possibilities of goodness as great, even greater, than evil.

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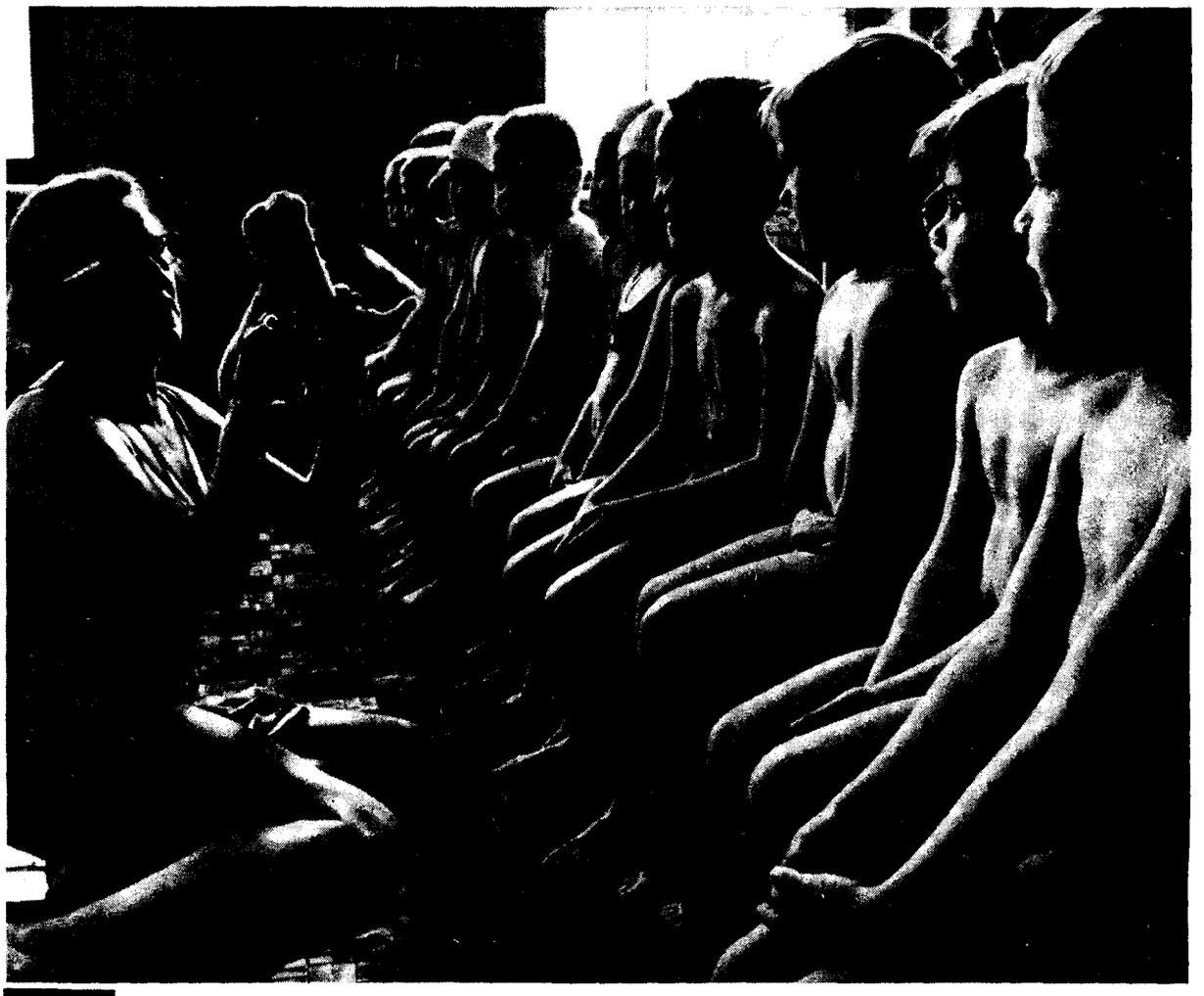

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